McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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RAIN AND ICE CAUSE BIG FLOOD

Stores and Dwellings Flooded in Various Parts of the Town.

THIRD FLOOD WITHIN 2 MONTHS.

Much Damage and Inconvenience by the High Water—General Flood News.

The rain and thaw of Sunday night started the immense masses of ice in the streams of this vicinity and Monday forenoon Smethport was experiencing the third flood within two months.

An ice gorge formed below the foot bridge on Mechanic street forcing the water over the sidewalk and rourways and into buildings in that vicinity. D. M. Brasted's bake shop in the rear of his store was flooded to the depth of several inches, and water at one time covered the floor of Holmes & Gilfillan's establishment to the depth of three inches.

A number of men worked all day trying to move the ice in that vicinity. Dynamite was freely used, but the great quantity of ice constantly arriving from up stream made their efforts of little use, and it was late in the afternoon before the water commenced to fall.

The Haines bottle factory was compelled to cease operations early in the day, but the Camp glass factory continued work, although the men were somewhat handicapped by the water.

Northumberland avenue was submerged its entire length, the dwellers in the houses on the creek side being driven to their second floors.

East street was also under water from Water street almost to the bridge and the water on the East Smethport side caused great inconvenience to inhabitants of that vicinity. A big ice jam at Kane's railroad bridge spread the water over a large area of the low lands.

Marvin street and the County Home flats were covered with water and ice and dwellers in that section had to stay at home or adopt high rubber boots.

Many school children and workmen were cut off from their homes by the rapid rise of the waters and had to be ferried across in vehicles or stay with friends on "the other side."

Considerable damage was done by the water and ice and many impromptu icy baths were taken by the "rivermen" and others.

Tuesday morning the waters had fallen considerably, but there are still great masses of ice at different points along the streams and a heavy rain would undoubtedly cause another flood.

Samuel P. Beckwith.

The subject of this sketch was born at Has' J Creek, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., on January 27, 1820. When but a child his parents moved to Bunker Hill, (now Clermont) Pa., where he lived until December 4, 1844, when he was united in marriage with Rebecca T. Robbins of Norwich, Pa. They first settled in Morristown, N. J., where they resided about six years. Then returning to Clermont remained there till April, 1856, when they moved to Farmers Valley, where he has since lived and where he died on March 5, 1904.

He is survived by a family of nine children, thirty-three grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. All but one of the children were in attendance at the funeral, the absent one being Mrs. Mary A. Ellis of Glendora, California.

Rev. A. B. Sprague conducted the funeral services, which were held in the church he helped to build, and he was laid to rest in Fairview cemetery by the side of his loved wife, who had gone before.

Father Beckwith was a man of sterling qualities—kind and affectionate to his children, and for 56 years a consistent member of the Baptist church.

In his last years he was a patient sufferer from that dread disease, cancer. But no complaint was ever heard from him and he often spoke of his past life with thankfulness. Said God had ever been his friend and that he was "waiting, only waiting" for the boatman who was to bear him over to his loved ones on the other shore.

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Again the Douglass Dam.

Councilman-Elect Douglass sprung a bill on the Bradford councils Monday night for the use of his dam and for alleged damages and loss to his mill. The amount of the bill was $125.55. Mr. Douglass claims $10 a day for loss to his mill by reason of it being necessary to pull the splashes out of his mill dam and also claims that his mill was damaged by ice blown out of the creek. It appears that Mr. Douglass has recently been very willing to pull the splashes from his dam at high water periods and his actions have been commended as public spirited. The dam damage bill was a rude shock to many Bradfordians and the newspapers have much to say concerning the notorious dam and the dam owner.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Titus Mohawk, an Indian living at Alton, has his own way of hunting deer. A few days since, while following a trail, he saw ahead of him the legs of a deer, the rest of the body being concealed by a huge log. Fearing to shoot lest he should miss him and lose his game, he dropped his gun and creeping stealthily up seized the deer by the hind legs and dragging him under the log (which lay up a few feet from the ground) to a stream near by, he held his head under the water till he was drowned. A gentleman of this place saw the defunct deer shortly afterward and there was not a scratch upon it.

Married, in Cuba, N. Y., on Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1872, by the Rev. E. B. Williams, Mr. Fred C. Olds of Farmers Valley, McKean county, Pa., and Miss Miranda Arnold of Cuba. The printers were of course remembered. Fred always thinks of the poor and needy. May their union be a happy one and their years plentiful.

On the evening of January 8, 1873, at the home of Horace Coleman in Liberty township, by Rev. H. Beck, Mr. Henry S. Sartwell of Smethport and Miss Kate B. Crozier of the former place. May the fondest hope of this couple be realized and their lives be free from the ills attending common humanity. Prosperity and joy go with them.

John Hafner has been appointed postmaster at Kasson, in the place of H. W. Burlingame, resigned.

It is better to pay your subscription once every year than to let the amount accumulate. The publisher believes you are honest and he knows it when you pay promptly once a year.

The result of the Presidential election of 1872 as announced by the electoral college is given below. The death of Mr. Greeley has caused the electoral vote to be strangely mixed: U. S. Grant 304; Horace Greeley 3; B. Gratz Brown 14; Thomas A. Hendricks 27; Charles Jenkins 2; David Davis 1.

The is one "vacant chair." The local editor of the MINER [E. H. Bard] is abroad. It will be remembered that in last week's paper we gave a list of sixteen subscribers who had paid for their paper, representing the untold sum of $32.25! The possession of so much money at one time happens but seldom in a printer's life. We were at a loss what to do with it. It was therefore decided at a secret meeting of the entire editorial staff that the city editor should take the money and recuperate his exhausted energies and wearied brain by a tour of inspection and pleasure out into the wide world to view the culminating glory of this Commonwealth in the inauguration of Governor Hartranft at Harrisburg. He will see many strange sights and hear many strange sounds and have many wonderful stories to relate when he returns to the bosom of his family—if he succeeds in finding his way back.

Mrs. H. L. Burlingame met with quite a serious accident on Thursday last. She was engaged in hanging clothes on a line in the woodshed when the chair in which she was standing slipped suddenly, causing her to fall forward, her breast striking upon the back of the chair. Her breast bone and one rib were broken by the fall. Dr. H. L. McCoy is attending her and we understand the patient is doing as well as could be expected.

At the commencement of the war the old Bucktail regiment was for some time stationed at Harrisburg. The boys were wild and although they were not given to anything really low and mean, yet they were "up to snuff" and continually cutting up capers. Although ten or twelve years have elapsed since that time, the reputation made by them is fresh in the memory of the people in the capital city and the sight of a person with a bucktail in his hat will to-day make their hair stand on end. We had occasion the other day to see in what extreme awe the members of this regiment were held. Our townsman, Rev. C. Cornforth was placed in command of the soldiers' orphans on the occasion of the inauguration of Governor Hartranft and during the parade was mounted upon a fiery steed. As he galloped along the line with a bucktail in his hat he did look a little dangerous, especially when his countenance would assume a warlike appearance. As the great procession was moving along, we were suddenly startled by a voice which rose above the lesser sound of twenty-five bands of music, and as we turned our head to ascertain the cause, our eyes came in contact with a poor being who was lustily shouting: "Police! Police! There's a Bucktail!"

The citizens of Bradford village have petitioned for a charter of incorporation and the same will be granted next court if there are no objections to the petition.

Married, at Sardinia, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1873, by Rev. A. S. Kneeland, Mr. A. W. Colegrove of Colegrove, this county, and Miss Anna E. Peavey of the former place. Alph, we congratulate you most heartily. May domestic felicity and genuine happiness be yours for all time. Joy always attends those who so bountifully remember the poor—printers.

CRUSHED TO DEATH AT COLEGROVE.

John L. Smith, a Teamster, Met Death Saturday Last.

CAUGHT UNDER A LOAD OF IRON.

Man was Dead When Uncovered by Workmen—Body Buried Sunday at County Home.

While engaged in drawing iron at Colegrove Saturday last, John Smith was buried under a heavy load and his life crushed out.

A number of men are employed in that vicinity, tearing down large iron tanks. Smith was a teamster, drawing the iron to the railroad for shipment. A wagon had been heavily loaded and Smith was on top of the load drawing it out of the trench surrounding the tank. The wagon slewed on a patch of ice, overturning the load and crushing Smith between the iron and some timbers which lay on the ground. Workmen hurried to the scene and removed the lifeless body of Smith from under the iron. Death was probably instantaneous.

Smith, who was about 45 years old, was unmarried and had no relatives in this part of the country with the exception of one brother. He was considerably crippled this winter on account of having frozen his hands and feet, and it is said this injury made it impossible for him to jump out of the way of the load when it started to upset.

The crushed remains were laid at rest in the cemetery on the county farm last Sunday.

A Shocking Tragedy.

Wednesday's Bradford Era: Joseph B. Goodliff, Jr., one of the best known young business men of Bradford, shot himself in the right temple with a 38-calibre revolver, at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning, death ensuing within a few minutes. The suicide occurred in his apartments in the Osgood block and is believed to have been committed while he was temporarily insane, the result of severe and continued pains in his head, which he had suffered during the past three weeks without a moment's respite.

It appears that several weeks ago Mr. Goodliff had a tooth extracted and the operation resulted in an injury to his jaw, apparently. The pain extended from the jaw to the base of the brain and despite the fact that he was constantly under the care of physicians he continued to suffer with the affliction and for over 10 days was unable to sleep. At the Hotel Holley and to friends he made the remark that he would "end it" unless he soon secured relief, but it did not dawn on his hearers at the time that he had reference to suicide as a means of escaping the suffering. The pain was such that he remained in his room for 10 days. Yesterday he arose as usual and in conversation with his wife stated that the pain was again most acute and that he was suffering terribly. He sent his wife upon an errand. When she returned to the apartments Mr. Goodliff was lying diagonally across the bed with blood spurting from a gaping wound in the right temple, the revolver being on the pillow close to his hand. Attorney D. W. Healy, who has an office adjoining the Goodliff apartments, was summoned to the room and he and Mrs. Goodliff entered the bedroom just as the husband was breathing his last.

Joseph B. Goodliff, Jr., was aged 31 years and had been engaged in the shoe business in this city since 1898. On Dec. 2, 1903, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Peake and the couple had since been residing in apartments in the Osgood building on Main street, over the store conducted by Mr. Goodliff. Recently he had arranged to dispose of his interests in Bradford and enter the wholesale shoe business in Buffalo, but it appears that he altered his plans somewhat within the past two weeks and was undecided as to his future arrangements. He was a large contributor to charitable enterprises and took an active interest in the Beacon Light Mission and the Salvation Army, in addition to numerous other undertakings of a similar nature which he assisted in a financial way. He is survived by his widow and his father, J. B. Goodliff of Buffalo.

Cut at Cross Fork.

All kinds of reports were in circulation Monday afternoon concerning the mix-up in school in which Robert, the 18-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bolich, received a knife wound in his side. It seems the boys were in class and in some manner young Bolich was injured, some say accidentally, while others declare it intentional. A warrant was sworn out for the offending youngster before Squire Calkins, but after investigation it was recalled. Dr. Rouse, who attended the injured lad, states that he is in no danger.—Cross Fork News.

New Industry for Smethport.

An arrangement has recently been entered into between F. L. Holmes, Alba J. Gilfillan and J. Clayton Backus for the purpose of manufacturing Mr. Backus' clever pin setting invention for bowling alleys. The combination will be known as the Backus Automatic Pin Setting Co.

The manufacture of the machines is already under way at Holmes & Gilfillan's establishment, and as a lively demand is almost assured this will be an important addition to Smethport's industries, giving employment to a large number of men.

For the benefit of people who have never seen the pin setter in operation a short description will be appreciated. The body of the device is a triangular shaped rack which is suspended upon pulleys a few feet above the alleys. The pins are laid on the rack, which has a hinged top; the operator then raises a weight by means of a rope running over pulleys and the machine is lowered to the alley. There are ten holes in the rack through which the pins must fall; under each of these holes are three legs, ingeniously adjusted so that when the machine rests upon the alleys they form a cup-shaped receptacle, which stands the pins exactly upon the spots. The hinged top of the rack throws the pins forward into the holes and the downward motion of the weight brings the machine back into its first position. An electric bell attachment notifies the bowler that the pins are ready.

The machines have been operated in J. C. Backus' alleys for about eight months and have given great satisfaction. The pins are set in less than half the time required by hand, and there is no trouble with incorrectly spotted pins.

A number of orders have been received as every bowling alley proprietor who has seen the machine in operation is convinced that it is a great time saver and consequently a money-maker for alleys.

W. O. Hamlin has secured the eastern agency from the company and will soon start the sale of pin setters in his territory, with headquarters in New York city.

J. C. Backus has a number of machines to place in different towns in this part of the State. Afterward he intends to go on the road introducing and selling the new device.

Arrested for Larceny.

Edward Best made information Friday before Justice B. L. Knapp, which resulted in the arrest of Albert Rogerson on a charge of larceny.

The men boarded at Albert Hackett's dwelling house on Nelson street. Friday Mr. Best discovered that his gold watch and $13 in money had been taken from his trunk. He suspected Rogerson of the theft and had a warrant issued for his arrest. Constable Jones was informed that Rogerson had gone to Mt. Jewett and went to that town to intercept him.

After he had started Officer Welch saw the man on the street and took him to the lock-up. Rogerson had considerably more money than he could account for. He turned over the key to his trunk and upon searching that receptacle the missing watch was found.

Rogerson was given a hearing Saturday before Justice Knapp and in default of $300 bail was committed to jail.

"The Irish Pawnbrokers."

With mirth and music so amusingly mixed with family troubles, it was hard to decipher the plot of "The Irish Pawnbrokers" at the Empire Theatre last night, unless it was just to make the audience laugh and keep it amused. At this last mentioned duty the comedy was eminently successful. The singing was the best part of the presentation and the frequent introduction of popular and new melodies that will soon be popular was not out of place. "A Little Bird," a trio song, was the hit of the evening. The Knight Brothers, in a dancing turn, were recalled again and again. Mazie Trumbull, vivacious and talented, proved her right to stellar honors in the production, while James L. McCabe and James J. Mack burlesqued the characters they were portraying with side-splitting exaggeration.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

At the Lyceum Saturday evening.

Drama Allied to the Church.

The coming engagement at the Lyceum theatre is of more than ordinary interest to the theatre goers. "A Royal Slave" is a beautiful Christian story of old Mexico, a series of pictures of life in that country of romance.

Ministers and priests have been unanimous this season in exhorting their congregations to go to see the production of "A Royal Slave," because it savors more of the atmosphere of the chapel than the theatre. It has not been an uncommon sight during this Lenten season to see the stage boxes entirely filled with clergymen of all denominations, witnessing a performance of this moral, uplifting drama.

The ladies of the M. E. church will give a supper in Epworth chapel, St. Patrick's Day, March 17, from 5:30 to 8 o'clock p. m. All are invited.

VLADIVOSTOK BOMBARDED.

Japanese Attack on Russian Stronghold Reported.

JAPAN WILL NEGOTIATE A LOAN.

Developments in Situation are Slow and Dispatches Contradictory.

A dispatch dated March 7 says: "It is reported that the Japanese fleet engaged the Russian Vladivostok squadron at sea yesterday. The result of the engagement is not announced, but it is believed that the Russian ships were destroyed or captured."

A message dated Vladivostok, March 6, says: A fleet of five Japanese battleships and two cruisers appeared off this place at 1:25 o'clock this afternoon and bombarded the town and shore batteries for 55 minutes. The fleet approached from the direction of Askold Island, at the east entrance to Usiri Bay, and about 32 miles southeast of Vladivostok. Entering Usiri Bay the enemy formed in line of battle, but did not approach to a closer range than five and one-third miles. They directed their fire against the shore batteries and the town, but no damage resulted, as most of their 200 lyddite shells failed to burst.

MAY NEED THE MONEY.

The Japanese government, it is said, is considering the advisability of seeking to secure immediately a loan in America and Europe. Although it is estimated that enough bonds can be sold at home to provide sufficient money to prosecute the war for at least one year and a half, and although many Japanese statesmen and financiers believe that Japan is capable of waging war to a conclusion without borrowing a single cent abroad and have, in a spirit of national pride, counseled that no foreign loan be sought, yet it is felt that there may arise in a year or two a contingency when money may be seriously needed.

RUSSIANS MOVING TROOPS.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Echo de Paris says Prince Louis Bonaparte has been given the command of a brigade of Cossacks. He will start for the far east on Thursday. "By the 17th of March there will be 217,000 Russian troops in Manchuria," the correspondent continues. "This information was given me by a military authority and it shows that the transport system is working perfectly."

Letter from Willis Peasley.

Under date of March 6, Willie Peasley, who is in the western penitentiary, wrote the following letter to the Bradford Star:

Editor Star: Dear Sir:—You have proved a good, true friend to me while I have been in trouble and God alone can tell how thankful I am to have such friends there, for I want to thank you one and all for your kindness.

I find it my duty to write you a few lines from the penitentiary. God knows kind friends, this is a terrible blow which has fallen upon me, but I will take it like a man. Although I am innocent of all but protecting my life from the one I saved last June from going to the place I have been sent—a life of shame and disgrace—but may God forgive the poor boy as I do and also those who would make you believe I was a demon in human form.

And kind friends, I am going to ask a favor of you, one and all, to take pity on my poor wife and speak kindly to her and do not blame her too much, for friends, remember this, it was a woman that led her astray in the first place. That is the reason I have done all in my power to save her, as you no doubt know one woman can lead a young girl astray where a dozen men would have no influence over them whatever; so for my sake, as well as her's, I ask this favor, and if granted, God will bless you one and all. In my absence there will be none to give her good advice and a cheerful word unless it is some kind-hearted friend of mine.

Friends, it is not myself I am thinking of, but the one that God gave me to protect—my wife. She has done wrong I know, but I love her with the pure love which God gave me and bound by the promise I made to my Maker to love, honor and protect her until death. I cannot break that promise. As our Lord does not give us a divorce, we are one forever, for better or worse, so friends, you can judge me as you like in this belief, but it is the only way I can see.

People that get divorced and marry again commit adultery just as much as my wife did, and I am sorry to say, friends, she is not alone in crime—there are others. So for her sake and the duty we owe our Heavenly Father, help her to rise in this world and help her to forget the past, and may God bless you one and all.

Yours in sorrow,

W. F. PEASLEY.

Subscribe to the MINER.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

How the Pawnbroker Got His Three Golden Balls.

Very few people know why in front of all pawn shops they see the sign of the three golden balls. It came about this way in Italy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the people were very poor and consequently the Jews who were in the money lending line did a very flourishing business at high rates of interest. In fact they were getting all of the surplus money of the poor into their hand and consequently the people had no money to give to the church. The Medici family were then at the head of the Romish church and as a protection to the financial interests of the same established in nearly every city in Italy places where the people could borrow money on their chattels at reasonable rates of interest and in this way they soon took the business out of the hands of the Jews.

The arms of the house of Medici were three golden balls and naturally they hung these out in front of the different loan banks operated by them, to signify that this great, powerful and wealthy family were guaranteeing the transactions of the institution. In later years the contents of these places were often taken by the popes and sold publicly at auction to obtain money to carry on the work of the church. Napoleon rifled them during his invasion of Italy, the Medicis soon lost their prestige and the business again fell into the hands of the Jews, who always retained as their sign the arms of this once great and powerful family. In the past few years the Irish have taken it up and on Saturday evening, March 12, the two great "Irish Pawnbrokers" will appear at the Lyceum. Go and see how liberal they are in dealing out laughter.

HIS INJURIES FATAL.

The Young Slav Who Was Run Over by a Trolley Car.

Mike Pardoechock, the young Slav who was the victim of a trolley accident near Lewis Run on Friday night, died at 7 o'clock Saturday morning at the Bradford hospital. He never regained consciousness after undergoing the surgical operation for the amputation of both legs. Shortly before the accident Pardoechock was seen with a pocket-book containing about $100, but when his pockets were searched at the hospital, just $1 was found. Later an aunt of the young Slav, Mrs. Kosmals of Lewis Run, discovered $90 sewed in the lining of his shirt, but it is not believed that this was the money that he had displayed Friday night before he was struck by the trolley car. The remains were removed from the hospital to Koch's undertaking rooms, where they were prepared for burial.—Pardoechock was aged about 20 years and had resided in this vicinity, since July, coming here from his home in Austria.—Bradford Era.

Republican Caucuses.

The Republican caucuses for primary elections will be held at the regular polling places in accordance with the rules of the Republican party of McKean county, Saturday, March 26, 1904, between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of recommending one person for member of Congress and one person for State Senator and placing in nomination two (2) persons for members of the general assembly of the State Legislature.

One person for treasurer.

One person for coroner.

Three (3) persons for delegates to the State convention.

And for the election in each election district of one person to serve as a member of the county committee for the ensuing year, and that the County Convention be held in the court house in Smethport, on Tuesday, March 29, 1904, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of canvassing the returns of said primaries and transact such other business as may properly come before said convention. By order of the Republican County Committee.

GEORGE PATON, Chairman.

M. L. WILLIS, Secretary.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 20, 1904.

Remarkable Bowling.

There was an interesting bowling game here Saturday evening by teams representing the South Side and North Side. The former won by ten pins. Swetland saved the day for the South Side by making four strikes in the last frame.—Coudersport Enterprise.

These Coudersport bowlers must certainly be a "great crowd." Not content with making Brooklyn splits upon various occasions they introduce a new feature to the game by making four strikes in a single frame. According to the rules of the game three balls is the maximum that can be rolled in the last frame, consequently, unless the Enterprise man is twisted, Mr. Swetland must have made two strikes with one ball. Even Horace Hay admits that the feat would be a difficult one.

Double Purple Trading Stamps given at the store of D. O. Young, Saturday, March 12, 1904.

FACE IN THE CROWD

By Keith Gordon

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After awhile she came to look for him when the train stopped at the Fifty-third street station in the morning—the tall, broad shouldered man with the aggressive chin and determined mouth. She felt vaguely disappointed when she did not see him.

Insensibly he became the touch of romance in the dreary monotony of her days, five and a half out of seven of which were spent in Wall street, a place where the advantages of being a woman are not glaringly apparent.

Often during the tedious afternoons of summer, when business was dull and the hands of the clock approached 5 but slowly, she would sit resting her face on her hands and wondering about him. Who was he? What was he? Was he married or single?

The noise of the street below, dulled by distance until it was as dreamy as the humming of bees at noonday, droned softly in her ears a sort of lulling melody, and her thoughts defied office hours and went far afield in a fantastic search for the reality about him among the crowd of possibilities.

Over and over she gave him a local habitation and a name, but these changed always with her mood. No name that she could hit upon seemed to express his personality, and she finally discarded them all and thought of him only as The Man.

The weeks melted into months, but her interest in him did not flag. Rather it became deeper as time went on. Curiously enough, it was what might be termed the nonessentials that baffled her. About the man himself—his character and what he would do in any given emergency—she felt the same assurance that she did about herself.

She had decided that he was a lawyer, though precisely why she thought so she could not have told. Then one day she saw him with a child, a girl of ten who bore a certain fleeting resemblance to him.

He was married, then! An almost imperceptible sigh escaped her. Then, as the absurdity of the matter dawned upon her, she laughed softly to herself. What difference? Josephine and Marie Louise had never dampened her affection for Napoleon. She even began to feel a mild interest in the lady.

Sometimes for two or three weeks at a stretch they would not encounter each other. It was after one of these breaks that, watching him as he entered the car, her interest and satisfaction at seeing him again shone all unconsciously in her face, and his glance was arrested by it.

As the faint color touched her cheeks under his gaze she looked casually away. For a moment he had thought her some half forgotten acquaintance from the welcome that he had surprised in her eyes, but her quick annoyance as she returned to her reading forbade that idea.

She did not look toward him again, but more than once his keen, blue eyes rested upon her as she sat there, slim and straight, with masses of pale brown hair piled upon her small head. After this he, too, began to watch of a morning. A habit is very easily formed!

Then for weeks he disappeared. The girl wondered anxiously what had become of him. Had he gone abroad? Maybe he was ill—or dead! At the thought she shrank like one hurt, for he had become, in a whimsical way, a part of her life. He had become as near and dear as only ideals can be.

When he did appear one morning, towering above the crowd of lesser men like a god, there was a new gravity in his face which held her attention even before she noticed that he was in mourning.

That, then, was what these weeks of absence from business meant. Sickness and suffering and death. His wife undoubtedly, from the sorrow and oppression that he showed. The quick sympathy that she felt hovered in her soft, wide eyes as they rested briefly upon his face. And he, reading that look, felt a curious thrill.

Long since he had begun to regard her with a sort of tacit, silent friendship. "The little girl with her soul in her face," as he once described her to a friend, shaking his head deprecatingly at the thought of a woman like her having to wrestle with the world. She seemed to him too exquisite for the ups and downs of such a life.

He watched her surreptitiously now, wondering idly who she was and whether he should ever meet her. There was a way—he might follow her and bestow a quarter on the elevator boy, and the thing would be done. But the coarseness of such methods repelled him. She seemed the sort of a woman who would resent that kind of thing.

Moreover, in his heart of hearts and in spite of his bigness and worldliness, he was a fatalist. If it were written from the beginning it would occur! No man could dabble in the affairs of fate!

It was nearing the end of the third year. He took the same train now with a regularity which made her suspicious. The results of chance were never so unerring. Intention was apparent.

But through it all save at unexpected moments when the curtain would lift for a second and an unintentional glance betray a deeper knowledge they regarded each other with the baffling, impassive eyes we keep for the unknown. No twentieth century romance ever moved so slowly.

Then Billy Stoughton, who in this particular case was the instrument of fate, awakened one morning with an unaccountable but imperative yearning for Broadway. Five years earlier an equally compelling desire had landed him on the ranch, where he had bided contentedly enough up to that particular morning. The evening of the next day found him in Denver, from which place he proceeded with as much haste as the railroad facilities would permit to New York.

On the day of his arrival he planned to dine with Renwick, the closest of his college friends. He had just time to catch him by telephone before he left his office, which he did, arranging to meet him at the elevated station and go up town with him.

The first effervescence of their meeting over, Stoughton's beaming eyes roved over the other passengers. A slight figure at the far end of the car held his glance. He looked again to be sure.

"Pardon me a minute, Jack," he said, rising and making his way toward the girl, with whom a moment later he was shaking hands cordially and talking with the ease of long friendship. Presently he returned to Renwick, and as he did so a revealing look passed between the two. A bridge at last!

"It's Natica Alston, a cousin of mine, you know," he explained to Renwick. "Tough luck they had, I tell you. But she's a plucky girl. She has earned her own living now for four years."

"Will you present me?" demanded Renwick eagerly.

"Certainly. I'll take you up there with me. Natica will be glad to receive any friend of mine."

"Thank you, old fellow; thank you." Renwick paused awkwardly. He seemed to have something else to say, but scarcely knew how to say it.

"When I said—asked you to introduce me—I didn't mean the usual thing. I'm going to ask you to do something queer and to do it without asking too many questions."

"What kind of a mystery is this?" inquired Stoughton. "If I didn't know that there isn't a grain of romance in you I should certainly think"—

"Now, don't think—there's a good fellow," soothed Renwick. "Just follow instructions. Tell Miss Alston all about me, and mind that you tell her everything good that you can or I'll wring your neck; and make an appointment for me to call. Don't make any mistake. I want to see her and see her alone. I don't want you there."

When poor, mystified Bill Stoughton broached the subject to Natica her behavior was doubly mysterious. No, she didn't want to know anything about him. Then a moment later:

"Did you say he is a bachelor?" (Innocently.) "I thought he was a widower."

Stoughton, indignantly, "I thought you knew nothing about him?"

"I don't, but he wore mourning."

"That was for his mother."

* * * * * * *

In the dim little parlor of the small apartment where she and her mother lived they met for the first time alone save for the dead and gone Alstons that looked down upon them from the walls. Surely never was such a first meeting before.

When the maid ushered him in Natica, looking rather more like a lily than usual in her long, soft, black gown, rose with every intention of greeting him in the most formal manner. Then a most unlooked for thing occurred.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Then he stretched out his hands toward her, and she placed hers in them. A moment later she was swept up into his arms as if she had been a child as he murmured softly, "My dear, dear love!"

"What shall we tell mamma?" wailed Natica in despair a half hour later. "How can we ever explain ourselves?"

"We can't," replied Renwick comfortably. "We might just as well resign ourselves to being thought mad. It all comes from the ridiculous superstition that in order to know people you must talk to them."

And then—well, then they forgot the world and its opinions to talk of far lovelier things.

Our Ancestors.

For the benefit of those who may feel "exclusive," or "stuck up," or who brag about blue blood, etc., it will be well to remember that if we go back but twenty generations, or 700 years, each one of us has 1,084,576 ancestors and is related more or less closely to at least [illegible],000,000 of our fellows. Going back but a couple of hundred years further and tracing down our genealogy, we would find that we have more cousins than there are people in the world and that on the basis of but two children per family. The discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that there have been so many intermarriages we have only as many cousins as there are people in the world today, but are related to a great many many times over.

Word Blindness.

Some curious instances of the physical defect of "word blindness" are given in the Lancet. The disease is fortunately uncommon. In one case the sufferer, an Englishman, thirty-four years of age, who knew Greek, Latin and French well, suddenly lost all knowledge of English, though he could read and understand Greek perfectly and Latin and French in a rather smaller degree. Another and almost more curious case was that of a man who lost the power of reading at sight. This patient was able to write accurately from dictation, but was completely unable to read what he had written. Word blindness is apparently akin to color blindness, but is certainly attended by much more inconvenient consequences.

The Coster's Curl.

Many east London barbers, who have been journeymen in many west end establishments, declare that young costermongers and barmen, with the peculiar rolling curl that protrudes from under the cap or bowler, are far more particular about their hair than the sons of the aristocracy in general. This same curl, standing forth from a surface of hair that seems to have been flatironed, is not achieved without much trouble. Scores of these young dandies of the east subscribe to a "toilet club," and have weekly attention given to their distinguishing curl in a manner that might be expected of a patrician beau.

NAPOLEON'S POLICE.

They Were Well Watched to Insure a Full Measure of Duty.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon I. at a dinner in Paris the conversation turned upon the emperor and his government. One of the company remarked that he was a great man, but was too fond of war. When the party broke up, a gentleman who was present requested to speak in private to the person who had made that observation. "Sir," said he, "I am sorry for it, but I must request you to go with me to the police." "Why?" said the other in the greatest apparent alarm. "I have said nothing against the emperor but what every one must acknowledge, that he is too fond of war. There can be no harm in that." "With that I have nothing to do. You must go with me to the police." The other now began to show the strongest symptoms of fear. He entreated the police agent in the most pathetic language to have compassion on him. The other, however, stood unmoved by all his solicitation, when suddenly the man rose from his knees and burst into a laugh, to the utter astonishment of the informer. "You think you have caught me," said he. "You are a spy of the police. So am I, and I was put over you to see whether you would do your duty."

THE COST OF A LEGACY.

Sometimes It Doesn't Pay to Inherit Money In Italy.

In Italy it appears to be a somewhat expensive affair to inherit money—that is, if it be a small sum. Not long ago a young man died in the little town of Romagna who left 1 lira 58 centesimi, or not quite 34 cents. This sum, which had been deposited in the postoffice savings bank, became the property of the young man's father. As the amount was so small, the father thought it unnecessary to make a declaration of the legacy as the law prescribes, especially as the stamped paper on which the declaration must be made would cost about 22 centesimi more than the money involved.

Three months afterward he received a demand from the local state treasury for the payment of 14 lire 48 centesimi (nearly $3). Thinking a mistake had been made, he took no notice of this demand, with the result that later an official called upon him and demanded the immediate payment of 18 lire ($3.50). The father had not sufficient money in hand, so the official took possession of the man's furniture. The cost of this seizure brought the total sum to 30 lire, which the poor man had to pay that same evening to avoid the sale of his goods by auction.

AN EARLY AIRSHIP.

It Was Built In England In 1835, but Was a Failure.

We are told by Peter Farley, who wrote as an eyewitness, that in August, 1835, the Eagle was officially advertised to sail from London with government dispatches and passengers for Paris and to establish direct communication between the capitals of Europe.

This early type of airship was 160 feet long, 50 feet high and 40 feet wide, and she lay in the dockyard of the Aeronautical society in Victoria road, near Kensington gardens, then quite a rural spot.

Built to hold an abundant supply of gas, she was covered with oiled lawn and carried a frame seventy-five feet long and seven feet high, with a cabin secured by ropes to the balloon. An immense rudder and wings or fins on each side for purposes of propulsion completed her fittings. The deck was guarded by netting.

After all this preparation and advertisement the Eagle never got beyond Victoria road, for Count Lennox and his assistants failed to provide the necessary motive power.

The Barber's Pole.

The origin of the barber's pole, itself almost now a thing of the past, originated in the days of barber surgeons, when bloodletting was considered a panacea for most of the ills that flesh is heir to. The pole was used for the patient to grasp during the operation, and a fillet or bandage for tying up the arm. When the pole was not in use, the tape was tied to it and twisted round it, and then it was hung up as a sign. At length, instead of hanging out the actual pole used in operations, a painted one with stripes round it in imitation of the genuine article and its bandages was placed over the shop.

Ducks and Geese.

Do geese "quack?" "No," says the observant critic; "geese do not quack, but they squack." It is the ducks that quack, and the story of the goose going about from day to day with a "quack, quack, quack," is declared to be without good foundation. There is, indeed, quite a difference in the vocabulary of these feathered creatures, but it requires a sharp ear to discover the difference.

The Cost.

Laura—I don't know, George. It seems such a solemn thing to marry. Have you counted the cost? George—The cost, Laura? The cost? Bless me, I've got a clergyman cousin that'll marry us for nothing!

A Practical Connoisseur.

Mrs. Cobwigger—What a beautiful collection of antiques you have, my dear! Mrs. Parvenu—It should be. My husband knows all about such things and had them made to order.—Judge.

Harrowing Response.

The Grammarian—It always makes me tired when I hear a man say "don't" when he should say "doesn't." The Other Party—Don't it, though?—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Beautiful Case.

Visitor (calling on friend in hospital)—Sorry to find you here, old chap; badly hurt? Patient—Yes, I am afraid I am. I heard the doctor say I was a "beautiful case."

One loses all the time which he might employ to better purpose.—Rousseau.

HORSES AT SEA.

They Can Smell Land Long Before It Comes In Sight.

The ability of horses to smell land when far at sea is not generally known, but the equine must be credited with this acute sense.

When a well known horseman of Philadelphia went to Europe some time ago he took a blooded horse with him. The animal was in a specially prepared stall on deck and enjoyed the trip despite the rough weather. When the horseman thought land should soon be sighted, he asked the captain how far the ship was from the Irish coast. The commander of the steamer, in his usual gruff manner, replied: "Your horse will tell you. Watch him."

The owner of the animal could not understand what the captain meant, and he was not particularly pleased with the answer. Finally, however, and a couple of hours before land was observed, the horse, which was a magnificent bay, poked his head through the grating and, stretching his neck, whinnied loudly.

"There you are," said the captain to the horseman. "Your horse smells the land." The horse was like a different animal thereafter until the coast loomed up.

The captain in explaining the odd occurrence said that the thoroughbred detected the odor from pasture lands that was wafted far seaward and that horses on board ocean steamers always give the first signal when land is near.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A POISON FACTORY.

The Stomach Is Always Busy Forming Deadly Substances.

The body is a factory of poisons. If these poisons, which are constantly being produced in large quantities in the body, are imperfectly removed or are produced in too great quantity as the result of overfeeding, the fluids which surround the brain cells and all the living tissues are contaminated with poisonous substances which asphyxiate and paralyze the cells and so interfere with their activity. This fact explains in part at least the stupidity which is a common after dinner experience with many persons.

When food is retained in the stomach beyond the normal time, either because of its indigestibility, the taking of too large a quantity of it or a crippled state of the stomach, these changes are certain to take place. This fact explains a very large share of the myriad symptoms which afflict the chronic dyspeptic. The giddiness, the tingling sensations, the confusion of thought and even partial insensibility which are not infrequently observed a few hours after meals in chronic dyspeptics are due to this cause. Here is the explanation of the irascibility, the despondency, the pessimism, the indecision and various other forms of mental perversity and even moral depravity which are not infrequently associated with certain forms of gastro-intestinal disturbances.—London Family Doctor.

PRIMITIVE LETTER POST.

The Earliest Postal Service Dates Back to Babylonia.

No postal service has been traced earlier than that which was in operation during the reign of Khammurabi, the Amraphel of Genesis, who was king of Babylonia about 2300 B. C. A number of the missives, each inclosed in its clay envelope, which passed through this earliest postoffice are preserved in the Babylonian room of the British museum, and their contents indicate that even at that period letters were freely circulated throughout the empire by a public postal service under governmental control.

Sir Brian Tuke was appointed postmaster in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and in 1556 the lords of the council ordered "that the postes betweene this and the Northe should eche of them keepe a booke and make entrye of every lettre that he shall receive, the tyme of the delyverie thereof unto his hands, with the parties' names that shall bring it unto him."

The first post for the conveyance of private letters to all parts of England and Scotland was started in 1635, when the "letter office" was established, but it was not till 1837 that the foundation of the present system was laid.

CURED OF HIS CLUB.

The Way One Woman Kept Her Husband Home In the Evenings.

"I would be very happy if my husband would not spend so many of his evenings at the club," said Mrs. Bride, with a sigh.

"Why don't you try the suspicion cure?" said her intimate friend.

"What is the suspicion cure?" asked Mrs. Bride.

"Well, my husband once got into the habit of spending his evenings at his club, and I worried myself ill. Then I changed my tactics. Instead of asking him to remain at home I urged him to go to the club. The way he raised his eyebrows the first time I suggested it showed that I was on the right track.

"One night he said he had a severe headache and would remain at home. I opposed the idea and insisted that an evening at his club would make him forget his headache. He gave me a hard look, but acted on the suggestion. I knew he would be back within an hour, so I made an elaborate toilet. He returned, as I expected, with the plea that his head was worse. I ignored his question concerning my elaborate toilet. He hasn't been away for an evening since. It is almost like the old honeymoon, only he appears to have something on his mind."

Rarely Experienced.

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager, "but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head."

"That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of eight children."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The three things most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury and to make good use of leisure.

THE LOVING CUP.

Its Origin Dates From the Assassination of King Edward.

The remote origin of the loving cup dates from the story of the assassination of Edward, king and martyr, who was stabbed in the back while drinking. It had been usual at feasts to pass round a large cup, which each, as he rose to drink, lifted with both hands, exposing his body to attack. This custom was altered, so that when one stood up to drink he who sat next became his "pledge" and also rose, drawn sword in hand, to protect him.

This practice in a modified form continued long after changed conditions of society had ceased to need it and was the origin of our custom of drinking healths and particularly of the ceremonial, preserved in almost its primitive form, of passing round the loving cup, when, as each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, the guest next to him also rises and grasps the second handle.

Some authorities ascribe its origin to Margaret, consort of Malcolm, king of Scotland, and others to Henry of Navarre.—London Truth.

The Lightning Changes We Make.

Great is the human makeup, and great are its chameleonlike qualities in the way of expressing feeling. Writers from time immemorial have taught us what to expect from the different colors that flit across our countenances, and, of course, writers are never wrong. Here are some of the lightning chromatic changes that we all have grown to recognize, and there are several counties yet to be heard from:

A man turns green with envy, yellow with hatred, purple with rage, scarlet with anger, white from fear, pink from excitement, saffron from sickness, black from torture, red from heat and blue from cold.

Sometimes, too, he is "cold as steel," "hot as blazes," "cool as a cucumber," "a warm proposition," "hard as brass," "soft as mush," "smooth as a board," "a rough customer" and "a slick article." Then again he is "good as wheat," "sound as a rock," "strong as an ox," "weak as a cat," "slippery as an eel," "sly as a fox," "mean as a snake," "poor as a mouse," "hungry as a wolf," and "dry as a fish."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Meaning of "Mews."

Pennant, the naturalist and antiquary, in his "Account of London" (1790) says that "on the north side of Charing Cross stood the royal mews, where the king's falcons had been kept since the time of Richard II."

"Mews" is thought to be derived from the French muer, Latin mutare, to change or molt, and to have been used of a cage for molting birds, as muette is used in France for a place in which horns shed by stags in the forest are kept by officials of the chase.

As time went on horses were kept in the inclosures used at first for hawks, and the old name was retained.

In this connection we may quote Dryden's line,

Nine times the moon hath mew'd her horns,

and Milton, who speaks of the eagle as "mewing its mighty youth"—i. e., fresher from its molting, and Shakespeare, who adopts the secondary meaning, "More pity that the eagle should be mew'd."

Physical Culture.

It is a mistake to think that excessive physical exercise is beneficial. The opposite is the fact. As some one has said, "Man is not constructed to be a running and leaping animal, like a deer or cat." To emphasize bodily development above the mental development is a step toward resumption of the life of the savage and lower animals. Physical culture is a desirable thing, but, as in everything else, the extremes are to be avoided. A person may have too little bodily exercise and may also have far too much or violent exercise. One who is walking a considerable part of the day would need but little else as exercise except, perhaps, calisthenics for the arms, back and chest, and on retiring or rising. And the same advice is applicable to a woman who does her own housework. But one confined over a desk or typewriter should make a conscientious habit of walking, bicycling and calisthenics every day for an hour or thereabouts.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Wanted Bread; Had Courage.

One day, riding along the road, General Gordon came upon a regimental prayer meeting, which was very impressive. The men were kneeling or standing with bowed heads about the chaplain, who was praying in a voice of wonderful compass.

The general checked his horse and removed his hat and waited for the end of the prayer. The chaplain asked the Lord to give the men of Lee's army supreme courage to meet the great crisis that had come upon them, fortitude to bear new privations and troubles, strength to fight against the pursuing enemy. Just then a tall private rose from his knees and shouted to the chaplain: "Pray for bread, chaplain; pray for bread! We have courage to spare, but to fight we must have something to eat. Pray for bread!" This broke up the prayer meeting.

They Kept a Bible For Luck.

At Sycamore, Ill., a well known business firm makes it a practice to keep a Bible in the safe. The custom was commenced a long time ago, and the big steel box is never locked up unless it contains the book. It is kept in the money drawer of the safe. It is found necessary to remove it occasionally, but it is always carefully replaced.

The men who adopted this queer practice when they commenced business years ago have little to say in explanation. In all their business life their safe or store has never been robbed or entered. They have had a continuous good business and are among the most successful business houses of the town. All of the members of the firm attend the churches of the town, but all are liberal in their religious views, and the prevailing belief in the town is that Holy Writ is kept in the safe principally for good luck.—Chicago Tribune.

L. K. HOGARTH

has the sole agency for

Hawke's Cut Glass,

the ware that took the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition.

Fine Stationery
Chamois Skins
Perfumes
Toilet Articles
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Trusses
Pure Drugs
Medicines

Ladies' need our patent dryer after shampooing the hair.

Union and Bell 'Phones.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

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E. W. JONES,

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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
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Elwood Gaskin's NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
We handle fruits and vegetables in season.
Bell 'Phone

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

A REAL BARGAIN

is not necessarily an article at the lowest price. It is the best for the least money. That is the kind we handle and all goods are backed by our guarantee. Money back if goods are not correct.

J. COLEGROVE,
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Next to Bank.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Get the Habit

Sap Buckets,
Sap Spouts,
Syrup Cans,
Tapping Bitts.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Mch. 10, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Holmes & Gilfillan are advertising a new polish to-day.

—Read the advertisement of Fry & Herzog this week. It is interesting.

—Coudersport's window glass factory will be placed in operation about March 15th.

—Do you want to prepare for teaching? Attend the Clarion State Normal School. Spring term opens April 5.

—Edinboro Normal invites ambitious young people to attend the spring session. It begins March 28th. John F. Bigler, prin.

—The Potter Democrat entered upon its eleventh year last week. The Democrat is a bright, newsy sheet and is deserving of continued prosperity.

—Mr. George Robert Henrick Schirmer and Miss Pauline Marie Margarethe Meyer of Kane were married Monday forenoon at the hose house by Justice B. L. Knapp.

—The Empire Upholstering Company have a new advertisement in another column. They have recently located in the Odd Fellows' building and are prepared to do all kinds of upholstering. Read their ad.

—A meeting of the McKean Potter League will be called in a few weeks to determine what shall be done the coming season. Shall it be "fast" or amateur? It will be up to the different towns to decide.—Eldred Eagle.

—Miss Stella Tate was agreeably surprised by a number of her friends last Monday evening, it being the anniversary of her birth. Mrs. Burdick and Mrs. Myers of Smethport came over to attend.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Albert Anderson, a one time printer, who has been with Uncle Sam's army in far away Arizona during the past couple of years, surprised his parents Wednesday. He has served his time and is satisfied to take a furlough and will pass some time with his family here.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Rube Waddell, the strenuous base ball player, is surprising the natives at St. Marys, where he is visiting relatives. "Rube" gave several exhibitions of his wonderful speed in the opera house at that place. His favorite act is splitting solid oak boards by hitting them with a base ball. "Rube" will play with the Philadelphia Athletics this season.

—When a doctor calls for certain ingredients in a prescription and the druggist substitutes some other drugs than those called for, then that pharmacist should be liable to incarceration in prison. He is juggling with the lives of the sick and afflicted. He is almost as culpable who substitutes some mixture of his own make of the "just as good" kind—for some reputable, well-known medicine that has stood the test of many years.

"Do It To-Day."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it to-day—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells.

Sound Reasons for the Nickel Plate Road's Popularity.

In making a long railway journey the two principal points to be considered are Cost and Comfort. The first of these is the least, and the second the greatest, if you select the Nickel Plate Road. For the rates to whatever point you wish to reach are always the lowest via that line. And the degree of comfort is greatest, not only on account of an excellent roadbed and the highest standard of equipment, but from the fact that your welfare is personally looked after throughout the journey.

If you contemplate a trip to any part of the West, full information as to rates, service, etc., will be cheerfully given on application to, R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

The Nickel Plate Road Again Selling Low Rate Colonist Tickets to the Pacific Coast.

Tickets on sale every day March 1st to April 30th, at rate of $42.50. These tickets are good in our trans-continental tourist sleepers, and via any route desired beyond Chicago. For full particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Nickel Plate Road's New Tourist Sleeping Cars.

If you expect to take advantage of the low colonist rates to the Pacific coast, write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y., for particulars regarding their splendid tourist sleeping cars. They afford a comfortable journey at a very low cost.

The Coast Line of the Pacific.

Although the Pacific covers more than half the surface of the globe and has an area estimated roughly at 60,000,000 square miles, yet its coast line, even including that of the Indian ocean, is but 47,000 miles, or about 8,000 miles less than that of the Atlantic. The shores of the Atlantic are very deeply indented by large seas, of which the Baltic and Mediterranean are the most remarkable. Besides these, the greatest lateral seas and gulfs in the Atlantic are the gulf of Mexico, Caribbean sea, Hudson bay and the bay of Biscay. If we take from the Pacific the Red sea, Arabian sea and bay of Bengal, which are part of the Indian ocean, we leave it with a remarkably straight coast line, with the exception of a few deep indentations on the coast of Asia.

It is owing to a free impenetration of land and water and consequent ease of communication between one country and another that the most civilized nations of the world, with few exceptions, have lived and now live on the shores of the north Atlantic and its lateral seas.

Bob Toombs' Way.

General Robert Toombs was as impulsive as he was courageous. Once, in the midst of a hot political campaign, a stump orator said something about the general's arrest by Robert E. Lee for insubordination, fraudfully distorting the incident. Toombs wrote one of the hottest letters of his life and was about to seal it when a friend entered his office and, seeing him much agitated, inquired the cause. The letter was handed to him to read, and when he had finished it he remarked, "You don't intend to send that to him?" "I do," said Toombs. "Better wait till tomorrow and think it over, general." "Never, sir! I have known him to be a liar, a blackguard and a thief all his life, but never before had cause to tell him so. The opportunity is now offered, and I wouldn't miss it for the senatorship. Wait till tomorrow? Think it over? That is to throw away the chance of a lifetime. Strike while the iron is hot, sir! Bob Toombs is the iron! Bob Toombs is hot! Toombs will strike!"—New York Press.

Have an Aim in Life.

Have you no aim in life? Then get one. Study over what it shall be—think, and think deeply. Pray that you may have an understanding of your work in the world, that your may see your beckoning star and that a knowledge may come to you of how to build a highway to it. The materials and tools for the building of this highway lie right at hand. They are not to your liking perhaps—you may call them trouble and bad luck—but just shut your teeth together, shut your eyes, too, if necessary, and hold your breath. Then get a good grip on the situation, and then work with it. And the wonders that will grow out of doing little things well and the understanding of many things that will come to you will make you "stand amazed" indeed.—Maxwell's Talisman.

A Singular Creature.

One of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth" is the world famous man faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the exact counterpart of a Chinese cooly—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the face, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the side of its face.

Brides Who Perch in Trees.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

Her Sorrow.

One of the closest friends of Princess Mathilde was Count Benedetti, the French ambassador whom the king of Prussia was said to have insulted at Ems. Her words on hearing of his death, after he had been her intimate counselor for more than forty years, are worth recalling. "Alas," she said, "now there is no one left who will dare to contradict me."

She Understood.

Mr. Misfit—It's no use trying to explain things to a woman. She can't understand scientific terms. No, there is— Mrs. Misfit—Oh, yes, I can, Charles! Heredity is what a man blames his father and mother for, and environment is what he blames his wife and children for!—Chicago Record Herald.

Forethought.

He—If I were suddenly to lose all my money would you marry me just the same? She—Not quite the same, dear. We should have to invite a few hundred more to bring us presents.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Hard Bird.

Customer—What sort of a chicken do you call this? Waiter—That, sir, is, I believe, a Plymouth Rock. Customer—Ah! I'm glad it has some historic interest. I thought it was just an ordinary cobblestone.

You will never get on the sunny side by waiting for the world to turn round.—Atlanta Constitution.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

Peppis, Peoples or What?

A correspondent (an American, we presume) writes to ask how he shall pronounce the name of the excellent diarist we occasionally quote. "Do you," he asks, "call Pepys 'Peppis' or 'Peoples' or 'Chumley' or what?" Even among contemporary London talkers there is disagreement, but the question should be settled by one Mr. James Carcasso, whom Pepys kindly took in his boat to view the great fire and who returned the compliment by a somewhat virulent set of verses in his volume "Lucida Intervalla."

Get thee behind me, thou dumb devil, begone;
The Lord hath Ephphatha said to my tongue
Him I must praise who open'd hath my lips,
Sent me from navy to the ark by Pepys.

The rhythm is dreadful, but the rhyme is conclusive, and the man who rowed in the same boat with the diarist called him "Pipps."—London Chronicle.

[An accepted American dictionary authority also gives Peps as the correct pronunciation of his name.—Ed.]

They Hunger For Praise.

"Praise is sweet," remarked a certain toiler, "yet it seems to be against the rule of many business houses. Perhaps they fear you'll demand a raise if they compliment your work. Why, even a man friend of mine, who is engaged in window decoration, says he wants to be told if his work is satisfactory. He dreams of it all night when it doesn't give him a nightmare, and he works at it all day. He longs to be told when it is effective, but he has to be content with the fact that, as he puts it, he'd be fired if it were not satisfactory. As for me, I design these doll dresses and other dainty things and also arrange them for display. I long for praise when I feel that my labors have been crowned with success. But, alas, my firm also pursues the claim policy—perhaps it is the best policy—in spite of the fact that I'd work the skin off my fingers to try to exceed my best work if only that were praised."—Philadelphia Record.

Sensitive Horses.

The horse does not like a nervous, fidgety, fussy or irritable man. He is too nervous and irritable himself. "Why is it," one teamster was heard to ask another, "that Pain's horses are always gaunt? Thin feeds them well." "Yes," was the reply, "but he's like a wasp around a horse." A well known owner of race horses, not at all a sentimental person, recently made an order forbidding his employees to talk in loud tones or to swear in the stable. "I have never yet seen a good-mannered horse," he says, "that was being sworn at all the time. It hurts the feelings of a sensitive horse, and I'll keep my word good to discharge any man in my employ if I catch him swearing within the hearing of any horse in this stable."—Country Life in America.

Wedded In a Bunch.

According to an old Breton custom, all the marriages of the year take place on one day. After the legal wedding has been performed the couples take their stand in a row behind the high altar of the church, and behind them sit their fathers and mothers, and so do their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, all arrayed in their brightest colored raiment and the whitest and stiffest of coiffes. The scene in the church is picturesque beyond description. They go through the ceremony in unison. The moral support it must give to the thinnest bridegroom!

Three In Chinese.

Religious superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the numerals three and nine is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the imperial palace, and the same order prevails at the Ming tombs. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its mystic symbolism points either to three or its multiples.

Disappointment.

"I hope," said the ducal bridegroom anxiously, as he boarded the Cunarder with his American bride, "that your diamonds are safe in your bag."

"My dear," replied she, "I am not the first of our family to marry into the British nobility. My aunt married a duke. My diamonds are safe at home in papa's vault."—Town Topics.

The Danger In It.

"See here!" cried the victim, after the accident. "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that old elevator?"

"So it was safe to go up," replied the elevator man. "The dangerous part of it was the coming down."—Philadelphia Press.

In Training.

Mr. Newly Riche—We must learn how to behave, Marie, if we are going to enter society. Mrs. Newly Riche—We will, my dear. The new set of servants I have engaged have been in the best families.—Detroit Free Press.

Be Pleasant.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted or the fame for which we have struggled.

Natural History.

Eve—Mother says I'm descended from Mary, queen of Scots. Tom (her brother)—So am I then. Eva—Don't be silly, Tom. You can't be—you're a boy!—Punch.

The world is satisfied with words. Few appreciate the things beneath.—Pascal.

"A NEW FARM FREE."

One that is sure to suit you with the same buildings, water and fences you have now. How is it done? Simple enough. Just use "easy-draft" and "easy to hold" **LeRoy Plow** that with no more horse power than the other rookes will get down and turn up a new farm under the old one. This soil has rested for years and will bear good crops. Buy the "**LeRoy Plow**" and you will use no other. Sold by A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa.

H. Hengerer Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Have you received samples of the Dainty Laces?

A week ago we told you of the Sale of imported Valenciennes Laces at Half Price and Less. Has your request for samples been among the hundreds received? Better write at once if you haven't investigated this—the greatest Bargain Sale of Laces ever known. Here are a few sample prices.

Narrow Valenciennes Edgings and Insertions, large variety of designs, made by best manufacturers. Values per dozen yards up to 25¢	Special per dozen yards 9¢
Dainty narrow Valenciennes Laces, Edgings and Insertions in a large variety of choice patterns to choose from. Values per dozen yards up to 50¢	Special per dozen yards 17¢
English Valenciennes Lace Insertions and Edgings, just the widths for trimming summer fabrics. Widths range from 1/4 to 3/4 inches. Values per dozen yards up to 75¢	Special per dozen yards 29¢
Fine imported French and English Valenciennes Laces, Edgings and Insertions, suitable for fine undergarments and wash dresses. Widths range from 1/4 to 1 inch. Values per dozen yards up to $1.00	Special per dozen yards 49¢

Get on the list.

If you send us your name and address on a postal and mention this paper, we will send you monthly store news of Bargain Sales and important trade events at BUFFALO'S GREATEST STORE.

We will tell you about the REMOVAL SALES that are now in full swing, for we are getting ready to move to the New Hengerer Store—Write at once.

THE WILLIAM HENGERER CO.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $45,000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne
Smethport - Penn'a.

THIS WEEK

We are showing a large and beautiful line of Ladies' Dress Skirts. In these you will find correct styles and a perfect fit. Prices very low.

Any changes made free of charge.

Best grade flannelette and percale wrappers at reasonable prices.

Millinery is going at cost.

All New Idea Patterns 10c.
The New Idea Magazine 5c.

We give PURPLE STAMPS.

Mrs. H. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as Bromo-Persin. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, Bromo-Persin is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

C. A. BURDICK
—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Palmer & Vickery
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 3, 1903.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 10, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the 59th Congress from the 21st Congressional District, subject to the rules of the Republican party.
S. R. DRESSER.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 2, 1904.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Senator from the 25th Senatorial District of Pennsylvania; subject to the decision of the Republican party.
MYRON MATSON.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.
J. M. McELROY,
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.
J. W. CAMPBELL.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 8, 1904.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
S. D. WEAVER.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.
J. F. DAVIS.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

FOR DELEGATES.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to usages of the Republican party.
W. H. MORRISON.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 12, 1904.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Delegate to the Republican State Convention subject to usages of the Republican party.
RICK DONOVAN.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 12, 1904.

THERE appears to be entirely too close connection between 'Smit', Smoot and smut.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

THOMAS B. WANAMAKER, son of John Wanamaker, and owner of the North American and other Philadelphia papers, is reported to have secured control of the New York Sun.

A COUDERSPORT special says that Hon. W. W. Crittenden has announced his withdrawal from the Senatorial race. C. C. Reisick of Galeton has also withdrawn as a candidate for delegate to the State convention.

A MOB broke into the jail at Springfield, O., this week, took a negro murderer from his cell and lynched him. The action aroused the anger of negro inhabitants, who set fire to a part of the city and threatened to blow up the jail and other public buildings. Troops were called out to prevent a race war. Truly, things are not always as they should be in this land of the free.

WORLD war agitators are busy. They claim that a general war between the powers of the old world is likely to grow out of the present situation in the east. That sooner or later the powers will fight it out seems reasonable, but the present unprepared condition of some of the mightiest makes such a proceeding improbable at the present. It will be a terrible war if it does happen and the results are impossible to foresee.

RECENT all-get dispatches from the far east claim that Russia is very willing to end the war by arbitration. While this may be correct, it seems hardly possible that the comparatively slight reverses suffered by Russia should so dishearten that nation. Russia may be willing to settle the trouble, but it would have to be settled Russia's way. In fact, these dispatches, like all others from the seat of war, shall be taken with several grains of allowance while the present rigid censorship is in force.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1904.

O, chief of the Sandy Seraglio!
O, boss of superfluous cats!
I'm sorry for you, and I'll tell you
How you can get rid of your spats;
Your rows with your wives and the nation
Will end with this one stroke of wit:
Indulge in a new revelation—
That's it!

Don't grumble of slander and libel,
Nor talk about hiking away—
Hatch out a new leaf for your Bible
And stay.

The examination of Reed Smoot, Apostle, elected to the Senate from Utah, is proceeding before the Committee on Elections of the Senate. Seventeen Mormon witnesses are present, summoned and brought hither by the government. At their head is the venerable president of the Mormon church, Joseph F. Smith, a nephew of the celebrated founder of that religion. Before a committee of Senators he yesterday stated that he had five wives who had borne him eleven children, since the government manifesto; and when asked why he had disobeyed the law proclaimed in that prohibition, he frankly stated that to desert his wives and abandon his innocent children would be unmanly and he preferred to receive any punishment that might be inflicted. He said that he had not married an additional wife since that time and that no Mormon had added his wives since that prohibition was issued. The purpose of the anti-Smoot crusaders is to prove that Senator Smoot represents the church and not the state, but the president of the church denied this roundly and repeatedly and declared that the church had nothing whatever to do with the election of civil officers.

On the 23d ult. the Senate indulged in a spirited running debate on the Naval appropriation bill, as presented by Senator Hale of Maine. In round numbers the bill will carry one hundred millions of dollars for the next fiscal year. While this is a very large sum Senator Hale admitted that if the naval program is carried out, in a few years the naval establishment will cost two hundred millions of dollars annually, and there will be 90,000 sailors afloat. This will make the navy of the United States second only to that of England. Expansion, and the retention of the Philippine Islands, was given as the reason why such a great navy is needed. Senator Depew pictured glowingly the great results that might be expected to flow from our Oriental commerce when each of the four hundred millions of Chinese wears a cotton shirt made in America, and eats Parker House biscuits made of America grown wheat. Already the government has a fleet of twenty-four warships in Asiatic waters to protect American interests. Incidentally the question arose whether the guns on the new ship should be mounted in revolving turrets or on platforms, en barbette, as in the English navy. As no one could answer this technical question it was dropped. There was little opposition to the bill, and it will pass.

Work on the Panama canal will now be in order. As the Senate has confirmed the commissioners selected by the President and their $10,000 salaries now begin to run, they will take a trip to the zone and look over the ground. It is proposed to raise the city of Colon some three feet or more, in order to make it possible to secure drainage. Admiral Walker is not as optimistic as could be wished. He says persons who think the canal will be begun immediately, except tentatively, are very much mistaken. No digging for two years yet. It is proposed to invite the President to cut the first shovelful of turf.

The government is going to help out the farmer; show him how to conduct a farm, pay part of the expenses and let him pocket the resulting profits. The farms will be called United States Diversification farms. The first one is to be situated near Columbia, S. C., and thirty others are to be operated in the Southern States. One-fourth of a farm not less than fifty acres may be planted with cotton; the remainder must be devoted to feed for live stock. This may be hogs or dairy cattle. Seeds and one-half of the fertilizers will be given and an inspector will call once a month.

The President has not decided whether he can go to Jackson, Mich., to attend the birthday celebration of the Republican party. It cost more than $2,000 a year to catch White House cranks and send them back to the towns whence they came. A host of the advocates of the service pension bill have been laboring with the President to secure his influence for the measure. Thus far he is non-committal. It is now said the bill will take but $19,000,000 per year, enough to build three large warships. A delegation of foresters has called upon the President, and in a little speech he assured them he was in favor of putting timber lands to their best use. The President has been advised that it should not take more than 30 days to hand over the money and close the Panama deal.

Gen. C. H. Grosvenor of Ohio will come back to Congress for the 10th time. He is as grateful as ever and promises not to do so again. While ex-Secretary Carlisle is in Washington attending the Smoot inquisition he will look into the affairs of the Red Cross society. There is curiosity to know how the funds have been expended. Senator Quay of Pennsylvania appeared in the Senate on the 3d inst., quite tanned by Florida sunshine, but evidently not improved in health. He has the same languid air and drops off into a cat nap as soon as he sits down. John Mitchell of the labor unions, who lives in Washington, says the least the poorest workman should have each year is $600. The minister from Venezuela has closed up his legation and gone out of business. Someone at the other end of the line stopped his pay. Senator Lodge's son, John, has an ear for music. He has organized a string quartet and will entertain society after Lent. Senator Spooner has a son who is studying art. He paints portraits. The Senator has just been subjected to a small but painful surgical operation.

WANTED: 50 MEN AND WOMEN.

To Take Advantage of Special Offer Made by McCoy's Drug Store.

McCoy's Drug Store are advertising to-day for fifty men and women to take advantage of the special half-price offer they are making on Dr. Howard's celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia, and get a fifty cent package at half price, 25 cents.

So positive are they of the remarkable power of this specific to cure these diseases, as well as sick headaches and liver troubles, that they agree to refund the money to any customer whom this medicine does not quickly relieve and cure.

With Dr. Howard's specific at hand, you can eat what you want and have no fear of ill consequences. It strengthens the stomach, gives perfect digestion, regulates the bowels, creates an appetite, and makes life worth the living.

This is an unusual opportunity to obtain 60 doses of the best medicine ever made for half its regular price, with the personal guarantee of a well known business firm to refund the money if it does not give satisfaction.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization solicits bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, Manager, Smethport, Pa. Piano furnished when required.

Our Sale is Just Beginning

The old adage—"Large Bodies Move Slowly," illustrates pretty correctly the progress of our sale. Like an engine on the up-grade, we keep the lever open and steam up all the time. The people who buy keep puffing and blowing about the bargains they get. And under the impetus given at the start the big engine of trade runs smoothly each day with steadily increasing momentum. The garments sold since the sale started, Jan. 19 are only a drop in the bucket compared with the number on hand at the start. What have been sold will never be missed. The only way we notice the stock depreciation is by the full cash drawyer. This sale is on yet, and will continue until stock is reduced to normal condition, be the time soon or long. We shall continue to sell overcoats and suits and furnishings and hats for man and boy at cost, and less than cost, and Y-O-U are invited.

IKE SIMONS, BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE 40-44 Main street, Bradford, Pa.

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

Brasted's For Fresh HOME MADE CANDIES try us.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Saturday, March 12.

THE BIG FUN CROWD

THE IRISH PAWNBROKERS.

With the Farce Comedy,
Star Triumvirate

McCabe & Mack
and
Mazie Trumbull.

A COMPANY OF REAL FUN MAKERS

Clean Farce — Catchy Music
Pretty Girls — Modest Dresses

NICE FOLKS LIKE IT.

Prices, 50, 75, $1.00.

Seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to

C.A.SNOW & Co.

Opposite U. S. Patent Office
WASHINGTON D. C.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

That Feeling Of Comfort

which we all like comes oftenest to those who are careful in all their affairs. Carelessness breeds discomfort and this is especially true of

Plumbing

work. And the result is the same whether the neglect be yours in not sending for the plumber at the first signs of defect or his in doing careless or inefficient work. If you will send for us in time we guarantee that there will be no discomfort after your job is finished—not even with the bill.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

Call Around and Look Them Over.

WHAT?

The finest line of Spring and Summer Shoes on the market. We have all styles in

High and Low Shoes,

both in style and quality, just according to the amount you wish to invest. Be sure and ask to see our High Cut Button Shoe, made of Ideal kid on the Cornell last.

It's Neat and Swell.

We have many others and they are up for inspection.

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

When visiting store of

D. C. YOUNG

Do not forget to call for

Purple Trading Stamps.

When your book is full you can get one of the best premiums ever offered for stamps.

AM REDUCING THE PRICE OF MANY

Winter Goods

I have fitted up a bargain counter upon which customers will find many things of interest to them.

Do not fail to look at

Flannelette Wrappers for Women

Have a large lot of them which I have bought very cheap and am selling for cost. Have also a lot of New Spring Goods which were brought before the advance in price of cotton. It will pay you to look at my stock before buying elsewhere. Trading stamps given with every purchase of ten cents or more.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Jan. 26 1904.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Fashionable Dress Goods for Spring.

Attractive Offerings in New, Beautiful Fabrics, Priced for Quick Selling.

Voiles, Crepes de Chine, Albatross,
Scotch Twines, Broadcloths, Etc.

Unusually large showing of Champagne Colors, Light Greys and Mode, in all the most stylish and popular weaves. Also Reds, Browns, Blacks, Blues and Greys in a great variety of shades.

RED STAMPS F. G LINDHOLM & CO. RED STAMPS

THE REDFIELD MANTLE

IS THE LARGEST SELLER IN SMETHPORT.

THAT'S ALL.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 10, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Don't forget the supper in the M. E. chapel, March 17.

—S. H. Cleveland is confined to his bed with a severe attack of the grip.

—Born, on Tuesday, March 8, to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Youmans, an eight-pound daughter.

—The Bradford Herald says that efforts will soon be made to secure a pardon for Willis Peasley.

—Hon. George H. Utter, lieutenant governor-elect of Rhode Island, is a trustee of Alfred University.

—Dan Hunter is using crutches as the result of a severe cut on the foot received at the Camp glass works.

—The Travelers' club will hold its next regular meeting at the home of Mrs. F. A. Morrison next Saturday, March 12.

—Eugene Storey, who assaulted Wm. McKay at Bradford last week, is in jail in default of $2,000 bail. Mr. McKay is slowly recovering.

—England's Moving Pictures were shown to a small house at the Lyceum last night. The entertainment is a good one for that class of show.

—The breaking of a drive wheel on the B., B & K. engine coming from Kane, near Nearings, yesterday morning caused considerable delay in traffic on that road.

—Manager Clark of the Lyceum says that the "Irish Pawnbroker" company which is the attraction for Saturday night, comes more highly recommended than any attraction this season.

—John L. Culp, an old man residing in Cross Fork, attempted to end his life one day last week by cutting his throat with a razor. A physician was called, dressed the wounds, and Mr. Culp will not leave us for the present at least.

—The Grecian bend is the latest thing in walks for fashionable women. Newspapers are discussing learnedly the new toggery which goes with the bend to make it complete. The Grecian bend is a rabid form of the kangaroo stride.

—"The Beauty Doctor" played a return date at Bradford Monday night and was greeted by the largest audience that has yet assembled in the new Bradford theatre. The Bradford papers are enthusiastic in their praise of the attraction.

—The centennial anniversary of the formation of this county will be celebrated Tuesday evening, March 29, under the auspices of the McKean County Historical society. The date of the formation of the county occurred March 26, 1804. Owing to that date having been set for the Republican primaries the society could not celebrate the centennial that day, and the Tuesday following has been decided upon. The celebration will be held in the New Bradford theater Tuesday evening, March 29.—Bradford Herald.

—The Berney flint bottle factory at Bradford was quite badly damaged by fire Sunday afternoon. The fire started on the roof and before the firemen could subdue the flames that part of the structure was badly damaged. Work in the factory will be suspended for several days.

—The Rev. H. C. Woods, Presiding Elder of Olean district, will preach and hold communion service at the Methodist church next Sunday morning. Love feast at 9:30 a. m. "What is it to be Born from Above?" is the pastor's evening subject. The service will open with a song service.

—The Western Star Jubilee Singers, to be at the Lyceum to-night, have been engaged for a week at a time elsewhere. Here to-night only. It is said they invariably draw a larger crowd the second night than the first. Everybody is delighted with the melody and harmony of these sweet voices.

—The Warren council Monday evening authorized the city attorney to pay $1,000 to Dehart Lynch in settlement of a suit brought by him to recover $10,000 for the death of his five-year-old son, who was drowned in the Allegheny river last year by falling through an opening in the suspension bridge.

—B. D. Atwood, an engineer employed for many years on the Erie railroad, shot himself in the head at the grave of his daughter, in the Salamanca cemetery, some time during Friday night. The body was found there on Saturday morning. Atwood was 52 years old and leaves a wife and two sons. He was a highly respected citizen and his suicide has caused a sensation. The cause is unknown.

—The Shawmut line has completed a 1,000 barrel water tank on the Davie farm at the lower end of the Bolivar yards, between the main line and the "Y" recently completed. A five horse Fairbanks combined gas engine and pump will be set at a convenient point to keep the tank full of water. A coal trestle is to be erected near the tank and when it is completed all trains will coal and take water in the Bolivar yards.—Bolivar Breeze.

—At St. Luke's on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The men's class at 12 m., subject, "St. Peter's Release from Prison." At the evening service the choir will sing the Lenten cantata, "Penitence, Pardon and Peace." This work by J. H. Maunder is descriptive of the spiritual life, the words being taken from the Holy Scriptures, and the character of the music expressive of the title. There are several beautiful soli for soprano, tenor and baritone, and four fine choruses. The chorus which opens part 3, "When the Son of Man Shall Come in His Glory," is majestic and grand. The words of the cantata will be distributed for use of the congregation.

—A rear end collision between the regular train and a freight on the P., S. & N. delayed the afternoon train about 40 minutes Tuesday. The platform of a passenger coach was smashed and a pair of trucks displaced. The accident occurred on the switch-back between Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett.

—A fish can live in ice where it is quite dry, but left in a dry spot without ice, it dies. On Annin street, the other day, after the flood, a frozen fish was found. It was apparently dead. On being placed in water of the right temperature it revived and swam about quite briskly. During the night it leaped from its temporary swimming place and perished from drought on the floor.—Bradford Era.

—Clarence Bennett, who is starring in the title role of "A Royal Slave," is a rare combination of dramatic qualities. He combines melodramatic power with a high order of poetic and romantic finish. Mr. Bennett's early schooling in Edwin Booth's company stands him in good stead now and largely accounts for those graceful master touches and that height of art which is to conceal art. This is the badge of a great actor.

MAZIE TRUMBULL

WITH THE IRISH PAWNBROKERS.

Notice.

The Bradford Evening Star was first issued on April 11, 1879.

It is respectfully requested that the names and addresses of all persons who were born or married on that date in 1879, and who NOW reside in Bradford, or McKean county, should be sent to the office of the Star promptly.

Address such communications to R. B. Habgood, President Star Publishing Co., Bradford, Pa.

It is not necessary that their birth or marriage should have occurred in this city or county, but the parties must live therein now.

Any relative or friend, as well as the persons themselves, may send the name and address of those whose wedding day or birthday occurred on April 11, 1879.

They will, of course, celebrate their 25th birthday or their silver wedding anniversary on the same day that The Star observes its 25th anniversary.

It is desired that a prompt response be given to this request.

Further announcement of The Star's plans in the matter will be made to those who were born or married on the birthday of The Star, when their names are received; also later through the columns of that paper.

The one requirement is that they be present residents of Bradford or McKean county; it isn't necessary that they be a Star subscriber nor a Star reader even; it matters not what their nationality, color, occupation, creed or location in the county may be.

Read This If You Are Going West.

Now is an excellent time to make a trip to the West or Southwest, and for the benefit of those wishing to go to that part of the country to look for farm lands, business locations or for pleasure, the Nickel Plate Road has arranged to sell round trip Homeseekers' tickets at extremely low rates on March 1st and 15th and April 5th and 19th. One way colonist tickets to same territory on same dates. Special one way colonist tickets to principal points in California, Oregon and Washington, at rate of $42.50, on sale every day March 1st to April 30th.

For full particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 5, 1904:

Libbie Briggs, Miss Grace Beardsley, Fred Miller, Miss Ida Nylen, Mrs. Chas. Russell, Charley Shenkle. Foreign—Miss Ida Nylen 3.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

That Old PIANO

will shine like new if you rub on a coat of

3 in One

And with what's left, oil the sewing machine. Protects the steel and nickel parts from tarnish and rust.

Won't cost much to make a trial. We sell it.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

Waldo Sasse visited Kane this week.

W. H. Morrison visited Kane Wednesday.

Alba J. Gilfillan had business in Bradford yesterday.

Z. U. Weisz made Bradford a business visit yesterday.

Miss Martha Brennan was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry returned Saturday from a visit to Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mitchell were Bradford visitors over Sunday.

Miss Bessie Scanlon is visiting her parents in Colegrove this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Goodsell of Salamanca were guests of relatives in town over Sunday.

A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford, visited relatives and friends in town this week.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mays has been in Bradford this week attending to duties connected with his office.

Mrs. G. W. King was called to Allentown, Pa., on Friday last by the death of a niece, Miss Florence Christ, an accomplished young lady, aged 20 years.

C. O. Thornton of Bolivar was in town this week, called here by the illness of his brother, Noah Thornton, and was a visitor at this office. Mr. Thornton has not visited Smethport in twenty years and noted many changes during that time.

Camel Back Riding.

Lord Kitchener of Khartum is credited with the best description of camel back riding that is known. The soldier gave this description at a dinner party in London which some Americans attended.

"When we asked Lord Kitchener," one of the Americans said, "to tell us what it felt like to ride a camel, he twisted his mustache and said:

"'You know the game of cup and ball? You have a ball and a cup, and you throw the ball in the air and try to catch it in the cup, then bounce it up and try to catch it again. Well, when you ride a camel the brute plays cup and ball with you, missing you nearly every time.'"

Special Low Rates Via the Nickel Plate Road

To points in the West and Southwest, Round trip homeseekers' and one-way colonist tickets on sale March 15th and April 5th and 19th. Also settlers' one-way tickets to points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Wyoming each Tuesday during March and April. Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Bankrupt stock of J. W. Voorhees for sale. Inquire of Dr. Burg Chadwick, Trustee.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY,

Thursday, March 17.

THE POWERFUL SCENIC SUCCESS

A Royal Slave.

SEE

The Great Tropical Palm Island by Moonlight.

The Gorgeous Palace of the King.

The Great Volcano in State of Eruption

Most Bewildering Display of Scenic Embellishments.

1 CARLOAD SCENERY EFFECTS 1

30 CAST OF 30

A Thrilling Story of Love, Hate, Passion, Intrigue, Revenge, Devotion and Heroic Daring.

3 in One

Lubricates, Cleans, Polishes and Prevents Rust

You can use it anywhere.
The cheapest metal, the finest surface will yield to "3 in 1's" magic power.
You need it in your house.
There's a hundred little jobs for it to do.
It's cheap—big bottle, little price.
We sell it.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

We Give Yellow Trading Stamps.

Two Hundred New Wash Waists.

The 1904 waists are here, as pleasing a lot of perfect fitting waists as you ever looked at.

The materials are Habutai Silks, Lawns, Vestings, Ginghams, Chambrays, etc., and there's enough variety and styles to gratify all tastes.

White or colored waists in all sizes, from 32 to 44, and a price range from

25c to $3.75.

HABUTAI SILK WAISTS (WASHABLE)

in Black and White only

$2.50 $2.75 $3.50

FAY STOCKINGS FOR CHILDREN.

No Supporters. Button to the Waist.

Mothers we want to see this patent stocking that does away with bothersome hose supporters and is always in place from morning till night. It will save you lots of worry.

Good quality and fast black dye. Reasonable prices.

Sizes 6 to 7, per pair 30c.
Sizes 7½ to 8½, per pair 35c.

...THE EMPIRE UPHOLSTERING CO...

LOCATED IN

Odd Fellows' Block

Prepared to do Upholstering in all its branches, carrying full line of covers, the latest things in New York and Foreign Markets.

We have a full line of

VERDURE, GOBLIN, FRENCH AND SILK TAPESTRIES, SILK DAMASKS AND STRIPES, FRENCH VERONA, CANDACA AND SHELBY VELOURS; LEATHER AND PANTSOTE.

MATTRESS MAKING A SPECIALTY.

All work guaranteed A No. 1.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block — THE FAMOUS CLOTHING STORE. — Smethport Penna.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

for its possessor to wear poor clothes. The nobby

SUITS and TOP COATS

for Spring and summer must be seen to be appreciated. No matter what sort you want, we have it and the prices are as refreshing as the clothes.

A good Suit or Top Coat at from $7.50 to $10.00.

And THE BEST at $12.50.

All those who have worn

WALKOVER SHOES

will tell you that there are none better. We have them. The latest and newest lasts. $3.50 and $4.00.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

Wm. Monheimer.

The GRAMMAR OF LOVE

....By S. MARIA TALBOT

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

"You was the prettiest one at the ball last night, Priscilla."

"Oh, Dan!"

"Hanged if you wasn't, pet!"

Priscilla put her hands over her ears and repeated the words "you wasn't" with outraged grammatical scorn.

"The deuce! It's that old language business again, is it, Pris? I can't break off old habits, not even the eternal one of loving you, wife."

Somewhat mollified by the tender tone of his words, Priscilla put on her trim riding habit and was adjusting her hat before the glass when Dan called up from the lower hall:

"Oh, Priscilla! Were it you who took my gloves from the hatrack?"

Priscilla's reply, "It was not," was of so severe and stately a character that Dan down below shivered with silent glee, while up above the mirror reflected to his wife a countenance over the judicial sternness of which a smile flickered like summer lightning.

They were soon cantering down the beautiful hedge lined country lanes, Dan's dog, Rev, bounding along behind.

"Will we go by Jackson's lane, Pris, or across the glen pasture?"

"Will we go?" echoed the girl. "Dan, your grammar will kill me yet."

"What's up now, Priscilla?" inquired Dan blandly.

"It is up to you, Dan, to use your 'shalls' and 'wills' properly."

"Great Scott!" groaned her husband. "She uses slang."

Ignoring the interruption, his wife persisted:

"You should say 'Shall we go down Jackson's lane?'"

"I see, Priscilla. You shall go down Jackson's lane whether you will or not."

"Dan, you are simply absurd," half laughed, half pouted his mentor, who was a bride just from Boston and doted on "language," such language as shuddered at the trenching of final letters upon the initial ones of the word following and to whom Italian "a" was fetish and the undefiled use of the futures a cult.

Dan's childish associations had been more with negro servants than with grammarians, all owing to the death of his mother and the indolent irresponsibility of his father. He was unable to change the habits of speech of a lifetime and even thought lightly of the "scrupulosity" of expression of the few Yankees he had known.

He fell in love with Priscilla "head over heels—boots and all," as he expressed it, when she came on a visit to an aunt of his living near his own ancestral home. That he had been able to win the girl's heart showed that love laughs at grammars as well as at locksmiths.

She thought so trivial a matter as his verbal inaccuracies could be easily mended, and he believed that what to him was her puritanical primness of language would soon give way before the breezy ease and untrammeled freedom of manner and speech of his beloved south, disdainful of cramping rules and technical formalities. In short, he was an educated man in whom carelessness of expression was ingrained, yet whose vital and vigorous ideas were wont to put to rout his wife's valiant onslaughts in the line of rule and model.

His wife would attack him with Ruskin, to which he would listen with an impatience only kept within bounds by his love for her.

"Listen, Dan, to what he says: 'A well educated gentleman may not know many languages—may have read very few books. But whatever language he know he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the peerage of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance from the words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationship and offices they held in any time and in any country.' Now, isn't that fine, Dan?" pleaded Priscilla.

"And while this man of 'words' was tracing up their peerage his bosom friend was stealing away the heart of his wife, and the foundations of his home were crumbling beneath his feet. I don't know the ancestry of many words, but there is one that is of my own descent. It is the word 'honor.' You will always hear me speak that plainly with the true Carroll accent in our home, for myself, for you and for the children who may be ours, please God."

"Oh, Dan!" whispered his wife softly. And they discussed grammar no more that day.

Nevertheless when they were cantering along together Priscilla's ears were keen to mark what was said amiss by her husband, emboldened by his ever chivalrous patience with her grammatical excursions.

"I feel like I am the happiest man alive today, Priscilla."

"Incorrect use of 'like,'" broke in his wife, knowing better, but disregarding the finer instinct.

"But, Pris, I don't feel 'as if'—it's 'like,' that I feel. And, now that I think of it, I don't feel like I was the happiest man alive. Have I corrected myself?"

Priscilla knew she was venturing too far. But when do we ever follow our strongest leadings?

"Dan, if you love me as you say you do you would take more pains to speak correctly. Your 'shalls' and 'wills' put in right would make me sleep better nights. And your 'shoulds' and 'woulds' if they would fall into line and keep step my bliss would be complete."

"It isn't permitted to mortals to be perfectly happy, Priscilla. You know the ancients used to pray for some moderate reverse when things went too swimmingly. Let me be your 'moderate reverse,' little lady."

"You are my immoderate perverse, Dan. You always say 'Hadn't I better go?' when you know as well as I do that you should say 'Wouldn't I better go?'"

All of a sudden to their startled vision appeared around a turn of the narrow hill road a team tearing with breakneck speed down the steep way up which their horses were climbing and on which it was impossible to pass them. The driver was thrown out as they rounded the curve and could be seen struggling up from a pile of rocks upon which he had been hurled far below in the ravine which skirted the road.

The carriage was bounding violently from side to side. The two women and child in the back seat were at the mercy of the terrified horses that were madly running directly toward Priscilla and Dan. Another moment and they would be upon them. At the foot of the hill was a rocky ford waiting to engulf the fated occupants of the vehicle if they should reach it alive.

Paralyzed by fear, Priscilla knew in a maze of terror that Dan sprang from his horse, throwing her the bridle.

Then she saw him through a fear dimmed haze rush just in time for the salvation of them all straight in front of the maddened brutes with arms outstretched to stop them. She heard his masterful command, "Whoa, boys; whoa!" as he made a dash for their foaming bits.

He sprang nimbly from side to side to avoid being trampled under their hoofs. Again and again it seemed that their brute strength would overwhelm him as they plunged forward straining to get free.

The man and the beasts strove. It seemed to Priscilla eternal ages, until at last, at last, he was conquering them. With mouths dripping bloody foam, eyes starting from their sockets, they finally stood trembling, but still, save for an occasional trampling and champing of their bits. This, too, ceased at Dan's command:

"Whoa, boys! Steady, boys!"

Their brute instinct responded to the master without fear. He stood at length stroking their manes.

Even then Priscilla realized in a dim, unworded way a thing that was better than the subjection of signs and symbols to rule and law.

She emerged from her crucible of agony with an aching relief that her husband was alive, while her own soul, shriveled by the refining fire, saw him with a larger vision, a deeper understanding.

Proudly she marked his chivalrous bearing toward the unnerved, frightened women, who lauded his exploit in words of intensest gratitude.

She noted with a swelling heart his bluff kindness toward the bruised and distressed driver, who came limping up to see the extent of the calamity, bloody and battered from his terrible fall.

He made light of what he had done, calling it "nothing."

When the trembling animals were quite pacified, greatly to Priscilla's apprehension, her husband turned the vehicle around about—a thing not done without much ado on the narrow shelf of a road—got into the carriage and took the reins with a firm hand to drive the ladies to their home, which was "but a mile or so back," they had told him. Priscilla led his horse for him until he could deposit his charges at their own door.

"Your man is too knocked up to drive," he tactfully explained as he saw the ladies tremulous at the thought of being trusted again to their unlucky John.

"Dan, you are simply great!" Priscilla told him as they rode down the hill again toward home. "I'm proud of you through and through. But promise me never, never, never, again to take so dreadful a risk. It makes me faint but to think of it. What if those awful runaway horses had killed you!" And she shuddered.

"Then you could, should and would have been a widow, Priscilla?"

"I neither will nor shall nor could, should or would be a widow! I'll die when you do, Dan!" sobbed Priscilla hysterically.

"Never say die, little girl. We will be happy. Nothing shall prevent it, my Priscilla?"

"You are a hero, Dan!" The girl reached out her hand to him, and, in their clasp thrilled between husband and wife the love that is above and beyond all speech and language.

Theory and Practice.

"Yes," said the man in the waiting room at the station, "above all other qualities I admire honesty. Your clever man is more often unscrupulous than not. Deeds of daring are invariably prompted by a lucky impulse and the thirst for fame, while your brave man is never without his share of conceit. Philanthropy and pomposity, too, should in many cases be spelled the same way. No, my friend, there is nothing that will stand the rough wear and tear of this life like honesty, and my constant watchword to my little sons here is, 'Be honest, and you can snap your fingers at the world and its verdict.'"

Then he went to the booking office and procured two half tickets for the little sons (aged sixteen and seventeen respectively).

Warned.

"She told me that I might hope."

"Better look out! I've known girls to say that when they intended to accept a chap."—Puck.

THE HERRING IS KING

HE IS THE MONARCH OF ALL THE FISH IN THE SEA.

The Story of How the Yarmouth Bloater Came by His Crown—The Miracle by Which the Red Herring Was Given to the World.

"Of all the fish in the sea herring is king."

The herring as breakfast dish or as hors d'œuvre or as savory is familiar enough. In that capacity every one knows him, every one welcomes him. But the herring is king! That is another matter altogether and needs some accounting for. By what right, one feels inclined to ask, is that insignificant little fish king of the fishy community? Who crowned him and why? Was it we northern nations, to whom his advent brings such good, or is there further warranty anywhere for his kingship?

Here for the curious are chapter and verse for King Herring's claim. To begin with, he is countenanced by no less a person than Rare Ben Jonson, who in act 1, scene 3, of "Every Man In His Humor" makes the facetious Cob claim ancestry from "Herring, the king of fish." And, to substantiate Ben Jonson's assertion, comes that other sixteenth century writer, Thomas Nash of Lowestoft, who waxes eloquent, not to say perfervid, on the subject of the herring's kingship in a lively and paradoxical work called "Lenten Stuff; or, The Praise of Red Herring," written, it is said, in gratitude for money lent the author by the people of Yarmouth and by way of payment of the same. Here the herring's claim to royal estate is duly set forth in bombastic language suited to the dignity of the theme and, truth to tell, the satirical mood of the writer. Shorn of Nash's rhetorical extravagances, this, briefly, is the story of how the herring came by his crown:

It appears that once upon a time all the fish of the sea had occasion to choose a king to lead them to battle. To do so, says Nash, "beshackled mightily their fishy wits," for their claim was hedged round with limitations. No ravening fish, for instance, must they choose, lest, having destroyed their foe, he should eat them also for change of diet. He must, moreover, be one well known to them all by reason of his wide sea wanderings, one, too, whom they could depose when they listed should he begin to tyrannize. Now, none met these requirements save the herring; hence was he proclaimed king of fishes by the unanimous vote of all the fishy community—all, that is, but the plaice and butt, who, being jealous, made wry mouths at Master Herring instead of shouting "God save the king!" with the rest and who have had, as every one knows, wry mouths for their mocking ever since. In such fashion was the herring raised to the kingly throne, and hence wears he to this day, says Nash, a coronet to mark his kingship; hence, too, goes he forth always with an army and, moreover, in true kingly fashion sends forth heralds to announce his royal progress through various waters. These herring heralds, by the way, when the wily fisherman catches he swings sundry times round the mainmast of his lugger, bidding them bring the boat a last of herrings for every swing. Then, their ransom paid, he flings them back into the water, hostages to fortune.

Nash's eulogies of King Herring in "Lenten Stuff" know no bounds. Not content with proclaiming him king in his natural state, he lauds him extravagantly—cured—giving him such titles as "Puissant Red Herring, Red Herring of Herring Hall, Golden Hesperides Red Herring" and various other panegyrics. All of this is as absurd as Nash meant it to be. Yet in spite of his nonsense there is much truth in his assumption of King Herring's puissance. Never truly was there so autocratic a monarch, for wherever he puts in an appearance he dominates everything and everybody. Fishing towns at herring time bow before him. They are at his beck and call morning, noon and night, and dead he is a greater autocrat than ever he was living, for, absorbing and enthralling as it is to catch him, it is even more so to cure him and pickle him. Royal himself, King Herring has always been a habitue of courts, for the first red herring that ever was cured made his bow to a brother monarch. He hailed, as every one knows, from the future great Yarmouth when that town was little more than a mere unimportant sand bank, forcing its way ever higher and higher above the waters of the North sea and known to the fishermen who came there every autumn to ply their trade as Cerdic shore.

It is a twice told tale how in those ancient days a certain Yarmouth fisherman, having caught more herrings than he "wist what to do withal, hung them in the sooty roof of his shed a-drying" and straightway forgot all about them; how he built up his fire, the weather being cold, and, "what with his smoking and firing, the herrings, which were white as whalebone when he hung them up, became by degrees as red as lobsters." The good man and his wife did not discover this fact for some days, and when at length they spied the beautiful red fish they fell down on their knees and crossed themselves and cried, "A miracle, a miracle!" And then posthaste to Burgh castle, three miles away from Cerdic shore over the marshes, went they, where Sigebert, king of the East Angles, lived in retirement in the monastery of good St. Furseus, and presented their treasures to his majesty, who also worshiped them and granted the fisherman and his wife a license to hawk them up and down the country as "strange monsters." Nor did the matter end there, for Sigebert, we are told, bestowed many privileges on the place where this miracle was worked, and thus from the very first red herrings brought prosperity to Yarmouth.

In olden times herrings were thought food for kings. "A white pickle herring," says Nash, "is meat for a prince." And so one English monarch seemed to think, for Edward I. in 1280 bound Yarmouth by charter to send annually to court twenty-four herring pies or pasties, containing a hundred herrings, and forty lasts of red herring were in 1300 ordered from the same place for the king's use. In the same reign the "puissant" fish served as honeymoon fare for a royal couple too. When Margaret, daughter of Edward I., married the Duke of Brabant 10,052 herrings were provided for the victualing of the ship which conveyed the bride and bridegroom to the continent. So much for the herring's association with royalty; so much for his claim to be royal himself, a claim as strong now as it was when Nash wrote so grandiloquently of it, for never was there a monarch whose rule was more firmly established, whose power increased more steadily.—London Globe.

THE USE OF ARSENIC.

Instead of Curing Nervousness It Is Said to Produce It.

One might as well take whisky for chronic alcoholism as to take arsenic for nervousness. Arsenic in any form is as sure to produce nervousness as an overdose of whisky is sure to produce drunkenness.

Arsenic will not cure nervousness. It will produce nervousness. No one was ever cured of nervousness by arsenic. Thousands have been made nervous by arsenic. Thousands more will be made nervous by arsenic. Yet the doctors go right on prescribing arsenic for nervousness.

There are various preparations of arsenic known by a great many names.

Arsenic is death to the nervous system. Arsenic produces bloodless nerve centers, causes the nerves to tingle, tremble and quiver. Arsenic will make hysterical babies of the strongest athletes. It will convert a wholesome, healthy woman into a petulant, puling, faded invalid.

If the doctors were obliged to take arsenic themselves long enough to discover by personal experience the disastrous condition it is sure to produce they probably would then quit administering it to their patients. But it is an adage that doctors never take their own medicines. They conclude what any medicine will do by what the books tell them or what some pompous professor has declared. Then they commence giving and continue to give in spite of the fact that their patients grow steadily worse.

Arsenic, like bromide of potash, is given almost indiscriminately by the average drug doctor for nervousness. Neither of these drugs ever cured or ever helped a case of nervousness. Both of them will produce nervousness of the worst form without fail. It is just such drugs as these that are responsible for that condition of body and mind known as Americanitis. We are a nation of nervous men and women. Our nervousness is generally attributed by the doctors to our climate and our habits of business and pleasure.

This is not true. We have an excellent climate, and our business methods and pleasures are of the best character—better than in any other country. It is the miserable drugs that we have been deluded into taking that are responsible for our nervousness.

Of all the nerve destroying drugs that were ever invented by the medical profession, arsenic, bromide of potash and strychnia lead the list. No nervous person ought ever to take a single dose of such medicines.—Medical Talk.

The Growth of the Beard.

If a youth began to shave at the age of seventeen years and continued to do so until he was seventy he would, assuming that his hair maintained the average rate of growth, have removed a length of nine yards. But had the hair been allowed to grow the result would have been different from what might be inferred. The growth from the roots would have continued, but on reaching a length of between eighteen and twenty-four inches the hair would have become brittle, have split and broken. The greatest length of beard usual in our climate seldom exceeds two feet. In hot climates, owing to the moist state of the skin, the hair grows much more rapidly and profusely than in cold or temperate climates. In the east flowing beards from three to four feet in length are not unusual.

The Origin of Carrier Pigeons.

The origin of the use of the carrier pigeon is lost in obscurity, but the first people of whom we have any record of employing it are the Greeks. By them it was used with great success, and the knowledge they had acquired they imparted to the Romans, who first used it as a message bearer about 120 years before the Christian era. About 500 years ago pigeons formed part of a telegraphic system adopted by the Turks, who erected high towers thirty or forty miles apart. They were provided with pigeons, and sentinels stood constantly ready to secure the messages as the birds arrived.

Biggest Printing Order.

When a certain sirup was first introduced into England the proprietors had the enormous number of 14,000,000 pamphlets printed. Nearly 6,000,000 of these were circulated through the postoffice to the principal inhabitants of every county in England. Probably in point of numbers as well as bulk this is the largest order for printing ever given for completion at a specified time by any firm or factory.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribnne one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

[illegible]

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Memb r of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assemb y—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrison.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. M. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tava Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer. W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. [illegible]ckus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns' Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K. [illegible]

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE R. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMU[illegible], Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elisabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days............ 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days............ 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days............ 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days............ 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, [illegible] a. m. Sundays; Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington [illegible] a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 85	Ridgway	12 01
9 [illegible]0	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 16	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 205, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 8:40 p. m., daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Dec. 27, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:43 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:00 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:32 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:15 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.)

12:02 noon for Mt. Jewett (arr. 12:35 p. m.); connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 1:34 p. m.); Ridgway (arr. 1:47 p. m.); DuBois (arr. 2:55 p. m.) and Pittsburg (arr. 6:45 p. m.)

2:11 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:43 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:25 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 4:28 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 5:04 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 5:31 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 7:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:10 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

6:00 p. m. for Larabee (arr. 5:42 p. m.), connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:03 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:46 p. m.); Emporium (arr. 8:05 p. m.)

7:22 p. m. for St. Marys (arr. 9:10 p. m.); making close connection with P. R. R. train No. 4 for Harrisburg (arr. 4:15 a. m.); Philadelphia (arr. 7:17 a. m.); New York (arr. 9:45 a. m.)

Trains arrive: 8:50 a. m. from Mt. Jewett with connection from Kane; 9:00 a. m. from St. Marys; 12:02 noon from Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean; 2:11 p. m. from Mt. Jewett, with connection from B. R. & P. Ry.; 6:50 p. m. from Larabee; 7:22 p. m. from Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS	L'v Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
			Ar. Dp			
8.05	7.25	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.14
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	[illegible]0	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.15
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Little Sister

By F. B. WRIGHT

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"Aren't you going to answer my question? Won't you take me with you?"

Clifford Vane turned with surprise as he heard the voice. A girl with deep brown eyes and hair in which there was a tint of gold was standing beside the boat, her skirts blown out against her slender figure. The fluttering sail had made so much noise that Vane had not heard the girl before. He frowned unconsciously, for he was in no humor for company.

"It's too rough today. There's a nasty sea running, and you'll get wet through," he answered.

"As if I cared for that! And if it's so rough why do you venture out?"

"Because I want to. Because it suits my mood."

The words sounded rude, but Marjorie Winthrop knew from the intent expression on Vane's face as he gazed out on the black clouds, the sullen green water of the bay and the wind blown whitecaps that he was speaking more to himself than to her.

"And if it suits my mood?"

"You with moods, child?" Vane said wonderingly. "What can you know of thoughts black enough to suit with such a day. Go back to your dolls or read your pretty fairy love stories and believe in their truth as long as you can," he added bitterly.

"You think because I'm only seventeen I'm not to feel and think."

"Think only of pleasant things."

"But if the day suits me it is pleasant. Please take me."

"What will your mother say?"

"She won't care. She only thinks of Edith. If it was Edith, now, it would be different, but I'm not such a valuable cargo. No one will bother about me."

There was a quiver in the girl's voice that made Vane look at her. She was looking out over the yeasty water with misty eyes and set mouth.

"All right," said Vane after a moment's hesitation. "I'm in a reckless mood. Let fate take care of us. What will be will be. Jump in."

* * * * *

It was a nasty day and the boat too light for such weather, her lee rail almost under water, staggered under the flaws every now and then burying her nose into the rollers and sending a shower of spray into the boat. Vane had all he could do to manage her and for a time forgot his companion and almost his gloomy thoughts in the grim pleasure of his contest with wind and storm lashed sea. It was Edith Winthrop he was thinking of, the woman who had led him on to love her and then thrown him over for another man. Edith did not care. Every one must be sacrificed for her amusement—yes, even this child, her sister. At the thought he glanced at the girl where she sat poised out to windward, like some spirit of the sea, her hair blowing in the wind, her cheeks aglow with excitement, her eyes fixed with a far-away look on the horizon. Vane had never noticed how pretty she was before. He had always thought of her as a mere child, and, lo, she was a woman. What was she thinking of? he wondered.

As if in answer to the question, Marjorie turned and met his eyes for an instant and then looked away.

"You've heard of Edith's engagement?" she said.

"Yes," answered Vane, setting his teeth hard. "I only found it out today."

"I knew it weeks ago. You thought she cared for you?"

"Yes."

"You might have known she didn't. Van Allstyne is a richer man than you—in money. It's wealth and power she wants, and attention and admiration. Love! She doesn't know what it means. And you thought she had a heart!" cried the girl. "This sea has more!"

"I know it now," said Vane, "when it's too late."

"And you—can you care for her still?" asked Marjorie after a silence.

"Yes—at least I care for the ideal I thought her."

"What did you think her?"

"Brave, courageous, noble hearted, with a soul as beautiful as her body, a comrade for a man, to face with him the storms of life, a woman tender and true, to fight for and dare for. I would have tried to give her everything she wanted. No man can love her as I do—and now"—Vane laughed bitterly as an ending to his sentence.

"Why did you come out today in this gale?" said Marjorie. "Is your life so worthless to you that you would risk it because a thoughtless woman has wounded you?"

"My life! What does it matter? I don't care."

"I thought you didn't," returned the girl gravely. "I knew you didn't. That's why I came. I couldn't let you come alone."

"And you came because you thought"—

"You would be reckless? Yes."

"And you were not afraid?"

"No. Why should I be? I knew you would take care of me—if not of yourself." The girl smiled at him confidently. "I am perfectly safe with you," she added.

So Marjorie had risked her life for him, so that in his desperate humor he should not go alone. But how came she, a mere child, to understand? She, at least, had a heart to make some man happy. And here he was putting her life at the mercy of the sea to gratify his selfish mood of bitterness. Well, he must get her home at once—then—Van thought he did not much care what happened afterward.

It was blowing harder as Vane came about and slacked the sheet for the run to the far distant boathouse and the hotel on the hill. They were going before the wind now, the boat rolling dangerously in the clutch of the sea, the waves behind following with hungry jaws and threatening every moment to engulf them.

With braced body and strained muscles, every sense alert, Vane gripped the tiller, striving to hold the boat against the swirling buffets of the waves, his one thought to get her safe to land. Every moment the wind increased, every moment the bay became more tumultuous. Would they make it? he wondered.

They were nearly opposite the boathouse when there came a sudden whirl of wind from between the hills ahead. Vane had but time to cry a warning when the sail jibed, the boom came swinging over with an angry snarl, the boat was flung upon her beam ends, and the next moment he found himself entangled in cordage and battling for his life beneath the waves. With desperate fingers he cleared himself and came to the surface. And Marjorie—where was she? Good God! Had she been struck by the boom and made unconscious or killed, or had she, too, been carried down by the sinking boat?

For an agonized moment Vane could see no sign of her, and then he spied her just coming to the surface. She was going down again when he caught her and started for the shore. It was a long swim against a tide that seemed to drag him down as if with clutching hands, but Vane swore he would save this girl who had risked her life for him or lose her own. He could see people running to the boathouse now and getting out the boat. How slow they were! Would they never come? His muscles were giving out, his breath came heavily, his limbs felt like lead. Could he hold out? They were wearing fast now. He tried to revive his failing strength, to overmaster his weakness. The world grew black before him, and then a strong arm gripped his shoulder, and he and Marjorie were lifted into the boat and rowed toward shore.

* * * * *

In those days afterward, while Marjorie hovered between life and death, Clifford Vane learned how much he could do for this girl, this girl he thought was a child and now knew to be the woman in all the world for him. Gone was his love for Edith Winthrop. He knew now that he had in her sister all that Edith had seemed and more. And there came a day when he was permitted to see her.

He found her on an upper piazza of the hotel clad in a soft blue wrapper, her soft hair loose on her shoulders, and the smile her pale face held for him gave him hope that in saving her he had found happiness.

He Didn't Forget.

Many years ago, writes Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Ponkapog Papers," a noted Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum book on a table in his private office. The volume always lay open, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scrawled reminders to attend to this thing or the other.

It chanced one day that a very young, unfledged author, passing through the city, looked in upon the publisher, who was also the editor of a famous magazine. The unfledged had a copy of verses secreted about his person. The publisher was absent, and young Milton sat down and waited.

Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum book, lying there spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read: "Don't forget to see the binder," "Don't forget to mail E. his contract," "Don't forget H.'s proofs," and so forth.

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

He left his manuscript on the table and disappeared. That afternoon, when the publisher glanced over his memoranda, he was not a little astonished at the last item, but his sense of humor was so strong that he did accept the poem—it required a strong sense of humor to do that—and sent the lad a check for it, although the verses remain to this day unprinted.

Still Wanting.

Old Simon, as we will call him, is quite a character in his way. He believes in asking for a thing until he gets it, and then—well, he is immediately in need of something else. He has lived on the same estate all his life and until quite recently he was *paying* a *merely* nominal rent—£1 a year—for the small cottage he occupied.

Simon, however, wasn't quite satisfied. Whenever he paid an installment of his rent he called his master's attention to the fact that this thing wanted doing and that thing wanted doing to the property. At length Simon's master decided on a bold move. The next time Simon turned up with the quarter's rent and the usual list of suggested repairs the owner was prepared to meet him.

"Look here, Simon," he remarked. "I've been thinking the matter over, and in recognition of your long and faithful service I'm going to make you a free gift of the cottage you live in. From this moment it's yours to do as you like with. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Thank 'e, sir—thank 'e," returned the old fellow. "An' now, sir, what about that bit o' paint for the back door? Ye'll throw that in, o' course?"—London Answers.

A COMIC TRAGEDY.

The Audience Was Ready, but the Show Was Tangled Up.

John Banvard, who afterward became famous as the painter of a great panorama of Mississippi scenery, set out in his boyhood, in the early thirties, to travel down the "Great Water" in a flatboat with a number of companions. They built their boat on the Wabash and were to pay their way by exhibiting dioramic views in the cabin at landings. Unfortunately the candlelights were not then shining through the sycamores along the Wabash, and before the adventurers reached a settled region they ran out of provisions. In the woods they could find nothing but papaws, luscious at first, but quickly cloying.

"For two days," wrote the sixteen-year-old Banvard, "we had nothing whatever to eat but those awful papaws. The very sight or memory of one made me shudder. Then, on a joyful, sunny afternoon, we approached Shawneetown, Ill., on the Ohio river, where we were advertised to exhibit. As we came in we could see on the bank a crowd of people. Some carried chickens, some eggs, some yams, some potatoes, some 'side meat' (bacon) and some cornmeal. Our dinner was in sight, for all those things were intended as payment for admission at the door, and all were 'good.'

"Our stomachs hungered, and our mouths watered for the feast; but, alas, we were too eager! Working our boat toward land, we ran upon a reef and stuck fast. Every effort to set us free failed. Darkness came on, and before our eyes our 'house' disbanded and went home, carrying our supper with them.

"Discouraged and forlorn, we turned to our bag of papaws for what consolation we could find and then went to sleep. In the night we floated free and at daylight were in the woods again eight miles below those luscious provisions. That was one of the most awful tragedies of my life."—Youth's Companion.

DOMESTIC NEGLECT.

The Tragedy of Little Things That Are Left Undone.

The judge and spectators in a Kansas City courtroom laughed when a husband testified that his wife gave him only "mechanical kisses."

Then the lawyers devoted many minutes to the question, "What is a mechanical kiss?" They decided that it was a salutation given only through a sense of duty, and then they laughed some more.

They didn't go far enough. They might have called it a tragedy.

With most women affection lasts. It burns as strongly in old age as in golden youth. A caress means a world of joy to them.

Some men forget. They grow careless. Carelessness is often a species of selfishness. Once it was a privilege to press a lover's kiss on the lips of a wife at the door when leaving in the morning, again as a warm greeting that always marked the homecoming at night.

And one morning the man forgot the caress and lost himself in business. And a shadow fell on a romance, and the woman wept. She tried to be brave and sensible. She tried to laugh at the silly fear that he didn't care for her. She assured herself a hundred times that it was such a little thing and that it was natural for him to forget and that it was unreasonable for her to expect the joy of the honeymoon through life. She wiped away her tears and resolved to hide her grief and be kind, loving, patient.

And the man never knew. Perhaps some day he went into court and complained that he had been the recipient of "mechanical kisses." Domestic neglect isn't always confined to lack of food and clothing. Cruelty doesn't always take the form of physical abuse. When men learn to think, when they remember that the little attentions often mark the difference between joy and sorrow in a woman's life, there will be more real happiness in the world.—Milwaukee Journal.

For Tender Feet.

After dancing for a little while many people's feet get very tender and uncomfortable. If you are troubled in this way, try this plan: Put ivy leaves next the soles of your feet, inside the stockings. Cut out the hard center rib, lay the leaves as smoothly as possible, draw your stockings carefully over so as not to disarrange them, and see that your shoes fit just comfortably. For walking in warm weather this is an excellent plan and prevents the feet from getting tender.—New York News.

His Promotion.

"Pa," said little Johnny, "teacher is thinking about promoting me."

"How do you know?"

"From what she said today."

"And what was that?"

"She said if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."

Two Statements.

Ascum—Some people are saying that you made most of your money in politics. Leader—But others are saying I made most of my money out of politics; so who are ye going to believe?—Philadelphia Press.

The Proper Caper.

"And what did you do when the doctor told you you would have to quit wearing a corset and give up sweets?"

"I sent for another doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.—Swift.

Joy, temperance and repose slam the door on the doctor's nose.—Longfellow.

Modern Pandora

By Luellen Teters

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Janet Allston quickly seized her suit case and started out as the train thundered into the station at the little resort, eager to make her escape before Carrington, who sat in the back of the car, should espy her. In his party she recognized a supercilious beauty whose name had lately been significantly linked with his, and several comfortable looking dowagers who had come down, as she, to either stay with friends or at the big hotel over the regular Saturday night hop.

She felt ashamed of her innumerable bundles, each breathing its own secret of chocolates, early hothouse peaches for dear Aunt Caroline, and some magazines.

Cousin Tom's happy, ruddy face was not visible among the crowd of people on the platform. She glanced around in desperation, anxious to secure the services of a hackman to carry her at once to her destination, but beyond a few private vehicles there was nothing available.

Over her shoulder sounded Carrington's deep voice and Lilian Royer's silvery, airy laughter. She started nervously, dropping the telltale parcel of peaches, which scattered compromisingly in all directions through the throng.

"Let me help you!" Carrington jumped with alacrity to her aid, restoring the downy, pink cheeked fruit to her arms.

An icy "Thank you" rewarded him. Womanlike, angry at the innocent offender, she felt like venting her displeasure on him.

"I suppose your cousin meets you?" he inquired, pausing for a second as the ladies accompanying him moved on.

"Oh, yes," she replied lightly, hoping that he would not detect the delinquent's absence.

She squared her back on the group as the Carrington trap, in the hands of a trim groom, rolled noiselessly up, and the ladies were helped in. There was a whir of rushing wheels, and a cloud of dust indicated its flight down the country road. Tears of mortification and anger welled up in her eyes. Were it not so far she would walk the distance, bundles, suit case and all. A black speck was coming rapidly toward her far up the highway. It finally revealed red and black wheels. A sensation of mingled annoyance, pride and timidity swept over her as she saw that, after all, it was not her cousin, but Carrington, who had evidently lost no time in returning from his stables.

"I suppose your relatives didn't expect you until the 5:30," he said pleasantly as he drove up. "I was afraid you would attempt to walk the distance. Won't you let me drive you over?"

"Thank you—I will wait for Tom," she said, blushing at the falsity of her position.

"I came back purposely to get you," he went on, ignoring her discouraging glance. "It's hard on the peaches. They'll be overripe if you keep them in this hot sun much longer. Come, please."

She hesitated visibly. "For the sake of the peaches, then," she assented, reaching him her parcels.

"I will not question the conditions," he replied.

"It would be of no use," she answered in his vein, "for I never argue."

They drove smoothly over the white, threadlike road, under the canopy of trees, talking indifferently on superficial subjects, the man not insensible to the charm of her laughing eyes and nut brown face, the girl responsive to every flash of his blue eyes and inwardly delighting in his slightest mannerism. Between them lay the unconfessed joy of a past summer time, when he had been her constant attendant at this same place, until golden haired Lilian Royer arrived one day as a guest of his mother. Involuntarily she sighed; and the man, finding its echo in his own heart, repeated it.

"You will be at the hop tonight?" he asked as he deposited her at her destination.

"My frock is here." She pointed to her suit case.

"Your cousin said Egerton was coming down too." He watched her face narrowly as he spoke.

"A later train," she said evenly. "I decided to come on the 3 o'clock special."

He could make nothing of her explanation, however, as he thought her words over after leaving her. Surely, if report were true that the two were in love and to be married, it looked odd that they did not plan to arrive on the same train. His mind revolved on Janet's speech in spite of his attempts to dismiss it.

Janet promptly thought no more about him, unable long ago to find an excuse for his changed behavior. Opening her suit case, she began to draw out her small wardrobe. The articles seemed peculiarly unfamiliar. She shut it hastily, intently scanning the modest initials, "J. A.," on the side. It surely was hers, but how could it be when before her was a vision of fluffy, lace trimmed pink crepe de chine, with a low cut bodice bordered with dainty wild roses; pink silk stockings, a pink fan, a rose spray for the hair and down in one corner a pair of high heeled pink slippers? What hallucination of the brain was this, or was it the triumph of an aggregation of the day's annoyances?

She laughed and cried hysterically. They belonged to somebody else, but she either had to wear them or remain at home. The ample dimensions of Aunt Caroline's dresses forbade any further consideration of them.

Like her prototype, Pandora, when she opened the case she let the witches out. The woman who hesitates meets the proverbial fate. By the aid of pins the waist was adjusted trimly to her more slender figure, the toes of the frivolous slippers were stuffed out with tissue paper, and the balance of the toilet was made to her complete satisfaction.

The hop progressed as all similar affairs do where there is a sprinkling of black coats and pretty girls. Janet, promenading the room on Egerton's arm, recognized a familiar white frock coming toward her. With sickening dread of an impending scene she saw that its wearer was Lilian Royer, and Carrington walked beside her.

"I am afraid there has been some mistake in our suit cases," Miss Royer cried sharply. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. You must have taken mine—by mistake."

Janet drew herself up ominously, indignant at the insinuation.

"The initials were the same as mine," she explained, with very red cheeks. "To all outward appearance it looked like my suit case. Since I came down here for the dance I had no alternative but to wear this dress or stay at home. It was no fault of mine that the mistake was made, I assure you."

Miss Royer glanced contemptuously at the white dress she wore. "I was forced to wear yours," she said, "not having any other with me. I took my sister's suit case, Mrs. Adams—Julia's. She used mine, for it held more. I am sure you will not object to coming with me now to the dressing room and exchanging."

"Certainly not," Janet said proudly.

There was a frown settling on Carrington's brow. He was conscious of a strong desire to take Janet in his arms and anathematize Miss Royer in forcible terms. But the sting of a broken half promise and forgotten vows held him aloof.

"What a little hypocrite she is!" Miss Royer exclaimed to him as she took her across the floor. "She knew all along it was mine." Carrington made no comment.

Half an hour later, after a solitary smoke in a retired corner of the piazza, he came upon a little white figure crying all alone.

"Janet," he whispered anxiously, bending tenderly over her, "don't cry. Where is that confounded Egerton? He shouldn't leave you here alone."

She raised her head proudly, her tear clouded eyes flashing. "Why always that man?" she cried childishly. "I hate him. I only want to be alone. Please go away."

"You're not engaged to him? You don't like him?" He could hardly accredit what his ears heard. "They told me the day was set and"—

Janet put a soft little hand over his mouth.

"You did not seem to care sufficiently to find out—the truth," she said.

"I was afraid of hearing the death-blow to my own hopes," he answered her. "Janet"—he grasped her hands boldly in his—"tell me now. I want my fate settled at once—can't we go back to that last sweet summer time and start all over again, you and I? Can't we, dear? And we'll let the world know it tonight, so that they will leave us alone hereafter. Will you, Janet?"

The throb of the orchestra drowned the silence. Carrington put his arms around her, and she did not protest against it.

She Was Grateful.

Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wistful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness.

Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude.

"Papa, what flower do you like best?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know, my dear—sunflowers, I guess."

"Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Woman's Home Companion.

No Green Cheese Moon For Her.

The little girl was on a visit to her grandfather, a clergyman who is celebrated in the city for his logical powers.

"Oh, my! Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Open the Bible on the table and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she was half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and animals she turned to her grandfather, her eyes bright with the excitement of discovery, and said:

"I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

STAGE LIGHTS.

Their Various Uses and the Names by Which They Are Known.

Lights play an important part on the stage of the modern theater, and they have many uses. The spot light, for instance, is employed to cast a circle of light upon the stage where a single person is to be brought into especial prominence. It consists of an arc electric light inclosed in a cylindrical hood about the diameter of a stovepipe and provided at the open end with a condenser lens for the purpose of concentrating the rays upon a small area.

A flood light is an arc in a rectangular box painted white upon the inside to serve as a reflector. It is supposed to flood the stage with light, hence its name.

Bunch lights are clusters of gas or incandescent lights either arranged within a reflector or exposed naked. They are used back of a scene behind doorways, where light is needed off the stage to represent the illumination of that part of a dwelling not shown. For the same purpose "strip" lights are used—rows of incandescent lights fastened to a strip of wood provided with a hook, by which it may be hung to the back of a scene when required.

"Side" lights are incandescent lights arranged on either side of the proscenium arch. Sometimes they are built within the arch or they are arranged to be swung outward when the curtain is raised.

The footlights are familiar to all, and the "border" lights are those hung over the stage directly above the scenery, shutting off the top of the stage. These are arranged in a trough like an inverted "U" to cast their light down upon the stage. These are practically all of the lights used upon the stage of a house, though magic lanterns are employed at times for the simulation of water effects, moonlight ripples and lightning. The old fashioned calcium, using the oxyhydrogen gas, is so seldom employed in the modern theater as to call for no comment.

CALIFORNIA'S GREATNESS.

California has the largest seed farms in the world.

California leads all the states in the production of barley.

The Golden Gate is the western portal for America's great future commerce.

California is the only state in the Union in which bituminous rock is found.

California has a larger per capita wealth than any other state in the Union.

California produces more oranges and lemons than any other state in the Union.

The United States mint at San Francisco is the largest institution of the kind in the world.

For many years past San Francisco has been and still is the leading whaling port of the world.

The glory of California's flowers is practical. The state produces more honey than any other.

California produces more English walnuts than all the other states, and they are of better quality.—Exchange.

A Home Thrust.

There is a good story told about the late Henry Bergh. While walking about the streets of New York city one morning he saw a teamster whipping a balky horse.

"Stop that, you brute," he exclaimed, "or I'll have you locked up inside of five minutes! Why don't you try kindness on the animal? Don't you suppose a horse can be reached by a kind word the same as a human being?"

"I b'lieve ye're right, sor," replied the teamster, a quick witted Irishman, who, with all his faults of temper, was not a bad man at heart, "an' if a harse has feelin's, sor, don't ye s'pose his driver has too? Thry a koind wor-rd on the dhriver, if ye plase."

The stern face of Mr. Bergh relaxed into a smile, and in the better understanding that followed the horse forgot that it was balking and started off in a trot.

A Scathing Retort.

An English lawyer who had been cross examining a witness for some time and who had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, jury and every one in the court was finally asked by the court to conclude his cross examination. Before telling the witness to stand down he accosted him with this parting sarcasm:

"Ah, you're a clever fellow—a very clever fellow. We can all see that."

The witness leaned over from the box and quietly retorted:

"I would return the compliment if I were not on oath."—"Personalia."

Vulgar Admiration.

Mr. Muchcash—What are you doing out there in the night air? Come into the house. Gladys—I was just admiring the moon, papa. Mr. Muchcash—What business have you admiring the moon when there are so many things in the house that I have bought expressly for you to admire? Anybody can admire the moon.

His Luck.

Lowseads (despondently)—I might just as well be dead. What good am I, anyway? Why, I believe that I've been refused by every girl in town! Henpekke (excitedly)—Touch wood! Touch wood, quick, or your luck will change!—Smart Set.

Men and Dogs.

"When I hears a man sayin' dat he likes dogs better dan he does human folks," said Uncle Eben, "I can't help suspectin' dat mebbe he's picked out de kin' o' friends dat's as good as he deserves."—Washington Star.

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?
The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers today.

City Shaving Parlors,
ELWOOD GASKIN, Prop.
Shaving and Hair Dressing
—In the latest style of Art.—
None but first-class workmen employed.
Shining Chair.

A PECULIAR NUMBER

THE QUEER CAPERS THAT ARE CUT BY THE FIGURE 9.

Some of the Odd Combinations and Results Produced by the Use of This Digit In Addition, Subtraction and Multiplication.

One often hears what a queer figure some men cut under certain circumstances, but there is a genuine figure which cuts more capers than all the queer men in Christendom could cut in a lifetime. How it is able to do the many "stunts" it does is apparently inexplicable. It is the figure 9.

Give 9 a test, for instance, by multiplying it by 2 or any other figure above 1 till 11 is reached, and then use 11 if you care to, and the addition of the result of each multiplication will be 9, just as sure as fate. Now, offhand, multiply 9 by itself. Nine times 9 is 81, isn't it? Add the result—8 plus 1 is 9. Make a leap to any big number you please. For example, multiply 6,842,982 by 9. What is the result? Here it is, this long string of figures—61,586,838. Add the figures of this string together. The result is 45. Well, 4 plus 5 equals 9. Figure 9 has bobbed up serenely thus far, hasn't it?

Here is another squeezer: If you try to corner 9 by using its own digits against itself, it will euchre you. Now, just see how it does it. Jot down on a bit of paper any row of figures, big or little, for 9 doesn't care a snap, and subtract the digits—in other words, the total resulting from the addition of all the figures in the line—and, utterly indifferent as to what figures you put in a row, the digits of the situation added reveal 9. Put down, say, 8,754,894. By adding these figures you get as a result 45. Now deduct that 45 from the row of figures. In table form the doings of 9 will be plain:

8,754,894—added make 45.
45—deducted.
8,754,849—added make 45—that is, 4 plus 5 equals 9.

One would think that 9 would confine itself to its vast field of multiplication doings, but it does not. It goes into the subtraction business, too, on a great scale. To make things all the more surprising, if a number of figures are placed in a row and, reversing their order, a subtraction is made, always provided, of course, that one can be and the digits are now added, 9 turns up smiling, just as it did in the multiplication tests. Let us see. Take 92 and, reversing it, subtract it, thus:

92
29
63

Add that 63—6 plus 3 equals 9. Go up sky high and see if 9 can't be a "knocker out." For instance, set down this line of figures, 246,587,931, then reverse them and subtract them from themselves, as it were, as follows:

246,587,931
139,785,642
106,802,289

Add that total. It makes 36. All right—3 plus 6 equals 9.

Isn't that kind of doing enough to puzzle all "figures of speech," let alone ordinary prosy language? But here is another amazing caper of 9. Leaving out the figure 8, make a row of figures from 1 to 9, inclusive. Multiply any one of them by 9. Then multiply the entire row by the sum thus attained, and if you are a millionaire you can safely wager a million dollars against a five cent piece that the grand result will be composed exclusively of the figure in the row that was especially picked out to be multiplied by 9. For proof, suppose you want a grand total of threes. Simply multiply 3 by 9 and use the result, 27, as the multiplier:

12,345,679
27
86,419,753
24,691,358
333,333,333

There is nothing extraordinary in the fact that all the grand totals consist of nine figures. Still, it does seem queer that in multiplying the figure 1 by 9 the cunning 9 gets, without assistance from any other figure as a multiplier of 12,345,679, a grand total of ones. However, in multiplying any one of the other figures to get a total consisting entirely of the same figures, 9 needs a "pal," yet that "pal" is absolutely 9's own product.

Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great looked with serene indifference on all that his enemies might say of him. One day, as he rode through Berlin, he saw a crowd of people staring up at something on the wall, and on sending his groom to inquire what it was found it to be a caricature of himself. The placard was put so high that it was difficult to read it, so Frederick ordered it to be placed lower in order that the people might not have to stretch out their necks. The words were hardly spoken when, with a joyous shout, the placard was pulled down and torn into a thousand pieces, while a hearty cheer followed the king as he rode away.

Islands Named For Dogs.

There are dozens (some say scores) of islands of greater or lesser dimensions known as Little Dogs, Dog islands, Big Dogs, etc. An island in the Thames, now a part of London, is called the Isle of Dogs. Carlyle alludes to it when he says, "Tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only from Ramsgate to the Isle of Dogs." Three lofty and rocky islands near St. Thomas (Virgin islands) are known as the Great Dog, George Dog and the West Dog. There are Dog islands in the Malayan archipelago, on the coast of Maine, off the coast of Franklin county, Fla., and another in the Serawati group.

A Precious Manuscript.

There is now in St. Petersburg the oldest known MS. of the New Testament in Greek, saved from destruction by the merest chance many years ago. Crossing the hall of a convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, Constantine Tischendorf saw a basketful of parchment leaves on their way to be burned. Two baskets had already gone, he was told, and all that he could secure for himself was a small bundle of odd leaves. But the monks, now interested in the "waste paper," saved the rest from the fire, and nine years after, on a return visit to the convent, Tischendorf found that the steward had wrapped in a red cloth "a bulky kind of volume," which proved to be the whole of the New Testament, with parts hitherto unknown, and parts of the Old, which had long been sought. He begged the volume for the czar, and today it lies well preserved in spite of its 1,500 years of age, among the treasures of the Russian capital.—London Mail.

Treasurer's Sales OF Unseated Lands.

Notice is hereby given that agreeably to the Act of Assembly, approved 13th day of March, 1815, entitled "An Act to Amend an Act Directing the Mode of Selling Unseated Land for Taxes, and for Other Purposes," The following tracts of Unseated Lands in McKean County will be exposed to public sale or outcry in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, on

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1904,

at 10 o'clock a. m., unless sooner paid, and the money for which land will be sold must be paid at the time of sale, otherwise said land will be sold again and in no case will a deed be given unless the above conditions are complied with.

Notice is also given that in compliance with the Act of Assembly, approved the 6th day of June, 1887, "An Act to Regulate the Collection of Taxes on Unseated Lands," there will be accrued interest at the rate of 6% per annum on taxes of 1902 from January 1, 1903 and on all taxes of 1901 from January 1, 1904, until time of payment of same. See P. L. 1887, page 363.

ANNIN TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
3456 3453 2213		244½	I A Sampson	391 19	381 10
2007	372	24	do	8 06	8 06
2218	342	81	S E Whitman	1 44	1 44
2214	393	55	C A Dolley	7 02	7 02
2214	398	49½	do	6 84	6 84
2145	236	25	do	1 07	1 07
		180	do	16 58	16 58
2203 2207		100	do	12 75	12 75
2146 2145 2145	286	59	do	2 52	2 52
		25	do	1 07	1 07
3443 2207 2208	388	63	A G Wandover		2 08
2145	237	25	V R Vanderhule	2 18	2 18
1098		56	Terrence Driscoll	4 93	4 94
1098	255	45	Eugene Mullin	5 75	5 75
115		8	do	1 02	1 02
2455	302	57	D Simpson		4 84
3445		3	Mrs C A Taylor		65
2222 2218		66	John Kinney		4 08
2218 2222	895 876	92	Arnold & Dolley	7 82	7 82
1698	249	25	Burdette Bray	8 20	8 20
2213 2118	366	49½	Patrick Sullivan	2 13	2 13
2208		24	do	1 03	1 03
	162 210 208				
2218		110	Wm Simar Est	9 85	9 85
15		8¾	James Taylor	1 87	1 87
1098		10	John Kent	43	43
1098		60	Dolley & Wolford	7 65	7 65
1098		60	do	7 65	7 65
1098	268	41	do	5 23	5 23
2177		56	J. C. Goding	4 25	4 25
3455	397	259	do	32 27	32 27
3445 2177		10	do	1 28	1 28
2218	363	35	C H Norton	1 50	
2177	801	53	do	6 77	
2177	84	25	do	1 07	
2214 2218 2207		63	Louisa Dolley	8 40	8 41
		21	W. L. Lillibridge	2 08	2 68
2145	357	40	A L Burr	8 40	8 40
3477	329	28	R H McNulley		1 19
2218	374	15	J E Mullin	1 28	1 28
3450		112	H S Baker & M A Lillibridge	19 04	19 04
3450		298	do	35 41	35 41
2145		50	N A Lillibridge	6 08	6 08
2203 2207 2218		30	W A Hulett	3 83	3 83
		35	do	4 47	4 47
115		25	J C Backus Est		3 20
2218	381	121	S J Carlson	10 29	10 29
115		130	J C Backus Est		5 53
6122 115			do		
			This is mineral, oil & gas		3 83

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
3445	397	28	Harvey Bessie	2 47	8 15
15 3445		¼	James Cronin	1 00	1 00
15 2719 2443 3228 3445		2½	Eugene Cooper	1 01	1 01
		2½	Mrs Thos Connolly	1 83	1 79
15 2213 2443 2228 178 3450 15		22½	C J Fullmer	6 26	6 08
		60	Ella M Lindsley	2 75	2 68
		2½	N S G McDougal	3 21	3 14
3444 2200 3444 15		4	Herman Plummer	2 46	
		3	D L Tate	2 30	2 23
		¼	Unknown	71	71
2207 3443	864	131	James Greer		5 07
3456	40 105	77	Mrs Doyle et al		98 02
3456	108	100	Martin Lawler		8 25

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
3350		57	David Garfingle	4 33	4 33
2285		2	W R Baker	21	23
3909	58 50 50	207 4-10	W S Weed & Co	15 78	15 78
3907		138	Mary B Henline & Mary J Baker		15 78
3360		20	Nellie M Baker Est	2 28	2 28
3907	47	86 1-10	F W Shaw	2 75	2 74
3908		45	Unknown	3 42	3 42
3423	E½	604	P H Nusbaum & Co (Surface)	22 95	22 95
3422	W½	804	do	30 55	30 55
3906		½	J S White	76	76
3906		458	J B Eastman	17 40	17 40

CERES TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
		25	Weston Bros	1 86	1 87
		11	A S North	85	85
2251 2220 4326	531	146	John Godding	10 75	10 75
		60	do	4 41	4 41
2195 2230		25	Wm K King	1 83	1 83
4328	72	7¼	C H Smith Est	58	57
4324	12	28	W H Brazee	2 42	2 48
4328	69	14½	M O Robarts	1 08	1 08
4329		1	do	10	11
3447		73	Raymond & Robarts	5 89	5 89
		43	do	3 14	3 14
		18	O P Coon	1 34	1 34
		12½	Thomas Bagan		1 94
		45	Patrick R Gerrity		3 70
2195	102	79	John J Roberts		5 86
		69	H M Placo		6 77
2230		42	T H Raymond & W R Page		8 11
2220	486	84 9-10	do		2 56
2220	491	49 1-10	do		3 04
2146 2217	58	148	C A Walcott & R G Worden	10 75	10 76

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
		80	W H Lunn	7 07	
Lot 10x90			G W Mosher	1 85	1 57
4326		60	O M Miller	4 01	3 67
4326		15	Tyler E G	1 07	1 21
		22½	Vandamark W W	1 98	
		2	Wood Chas		82
		34	Yost William	9 80	11 40
		16	Bailey M A		2 58
		1	Brazee W H		83
		28	Bennett T S Est		2 16
		71½	Canfield Luther Est		14 23
2203	400	85	Dibble M E		2 54
2210 2217		68	Eldred Gas Co		6 90
		44	Keeney M		3 39
		50	Keeler Wm W		6 95
2220 2447	520	3	Lynch Thomas		82
4326		8	Maxson Laura A		80
		20	Mi[illegible] John		2 05
		22½	Shaw Peter		4

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
3720		1000	H A Jamison	120 00	120 00
3707		5	do	1 01	1 01
3707		365	S R Morrison Est	78 80	78 80
3709		200	do	39 60	39 60
3713		40	H A Cartwright	9 20	9 20
3708		50	W H Pratt	10 00	
3711		25	Jno E Mullin	8 01	8 01
3711		25	do	3 01	8 01
3702		50	A J. Penticoast	6 00	6 00
3705	E½	500	Sam'l H & M Louise Wilkinson (Surface)	60 00	60 00
3703		50	H D Blair		10 00
3702		500	Jno P Rooney	20 00	
8702		500	E A Williams		20 00
11		150	J P Phillips	2 00	2 00
11		40	W H Ruiss	1 60	1 60
3711		150	O H Rathbone & Co	6 00	6 00
3734		250	do	10 00	10 00
3706		250	do	10 00	10 00
3699		1000	Hamilton & Noles	40 00	40 00
11		167	John Short & W T Taylor	6 60	6 60
4875		1197	M A Lillibridge	239 41	239 41
4876		500	H S Baker Est	20 00	20 00
12		236	Effie D French	27 13	27 12
4871		1000	Weed & Co	120 00	130 00
4873		1043	do	125 17	125 17
3719		1000	do	120 00	120 00
3708		949¾	do	114 00	114 00
4878		822 5-100	do	88 69	88 69
3709		396 70-100	do	47 60	47 60
3717		678 60-100	do	81 44	
3716		551 65-100	do	66 20	
3703		521 10-100	do	62 60	62 61
4874		818	do	98 16	98 17
3716		171¼	do		20 57
3700	31	64½	S A Mundy	7 76	7 77
3709	30	90 12-100	do	11 89	11 80
3700	20	51½	do	6 16	6 16
3700	26	72	do	8 09	8 69
3700	49	57½	do	6 88	6 89
3717	38	58	do	7 00	7 01
3717	39	51	do	6 12	6 13
3703	1	50	do	6 00	
3717		501	do		60 61
3715		380	do		45 95
3717	39	61½	do		7 41
3716	14	40¼	do	4 84	
4873	51	25½	W A Mundy	3 09	3 09
4878	52	25	do	3 12	3 12
4878	53	64	do	7 81	7 81
4873	69	133½	do	16 08	16 09

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
3732		100	B P H Morrison Est	19 52	13 96
3709		10	S R Morrison	4 10	2 11
3711		26	Jacob Fuller	5 96	6 10
4878		55	J A Colburn	3 46	
3703		8	G S Jackson	1 58	3 37
3718	11	100	H F Munday	5 38	
3702		2	Jane Shaw		85
4874		60	A W Wheeler	1 63	
3702		31	C W Taylor	2 52	
3718		50	G E Fredenburg		8 96
3714 3731		791 898	O R Hammond		70 98
3717	1 House	1 99¼	H F Mundy		4 80

ELDRED TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
244		585	B F Gory	24 58	25 17
244		18	do	75	77
2099 2096		872	do	46 87	47 98
2227		101	do	12 60	13 00
2167		289	do	36 42	37 29
244		14	Nunundah R R Co	59	61
4323		9	John F Rooney	39	40
		50	Jno M Schofield	2 10	2 15
		20	Henry Hamlin	1 68	1 72
528		76	Weidman Stave & Heading Co	9 57	9 81
2000 3107		140	Gilbert Moody		9 03

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
404		20	John Mullin	2 42	2 89
4120		5	Duke & Johnson	3 93	
2088		42	E Harris & Co	4 65	4 07
		9	Patterson, Wright & Merritt		90
		107	Aaron Dodge		66 60

ELDRED BOROUGH.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners		
		70	T S Bennett Est	9 48	
80 S Maine 66x140			Wm Shields	4 81	3 89

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
4534		25	E H Crook	2 43	2 43
3427		22	C D McCune	2 24	2 24
4000		25	M J Martin	14 65	14 55
4334		50	C H Foster Est	4 85	
4917		1100	W S Weed & Co	66 71	66 71
4335	Surface	460½	L D Wetmore	44 66	44 60
4338		73 8-10	do	3 59	3 59
4334		15	Mrs Kane	1 46	1 46
8337		2	S. Jewett	59	
8337		2	P Ackley		59
3442		5	S Jewett		49
3382		72 4-10	W W Brown	10 53	
4335	Min	45	A B Smith Chem Co		4 37
4335 4336		50	B E Montague		7 98
4337	Min	991 30-100	Mrs M A Kent	48 06	48 06
4336	"	608	do	29 48	29 48
4330	"	124 6-10	do	6 01	6 01
4335	"	1075	do	52 16	52 16
4338	"	968 54-100	do	47 01	47 01
4329	"	1211	Rose Kent	58 73	58 73
3337		10	John Hungerford	97	97
4344	19	50	Davitt, Arrowsmith & Hayden		4 85

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
8427		5	Hiram Beardsley	1 85	
3407		9 8-10	F E Boden	1 58	1 48
4009		52½	C J Curtis	8 22	8 05
3336	1 House	1	Jas Kinsler	1 58	
3480	House & Barn	58	Patrick Lynch	21 27	
3317		25	M S Spaulding	2 63	2 55
3338		10	Jno P Zane Est	8 18	3 06
3480		20 8-10	T E & E A Wilson	18 80	

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
4013		625	N Y & Penna Lumber Co	19 43	
2306	125	225	do		8 33
2308	128	225	do		8 33
2310	127	225	do		8 33
2580	134	112½	do		4 16
3009	137	225	Penn Tanning Co	52 73	52 73
30		60	Frank Morrison	2 22	
5572		350	J Bean	12 95	12 95
		568	Weed & Co	21 01	21 01
5550		165	do	6 10	6 11
	67	50	O S Whitehouse	1 85	1 85
2702	90	75	O D Coleman	2 79	2 78
2043	91	75	do	2 79	2 78
2176		21½	W W Cheeney		68
2918	99	225	do		8 33
2782	98	25	G W Williams		93
2782	94	5	J S Whittle	10	19
2782	96	10	Whittle & Hollister	37	37
2782	96	20	G H Hatfield	74	71
2605	118	225	W F Andrews		8 33
2040	149	112½	W I Bartholomew	4 17	4 18
2370	½ of	17½	do	94	34

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
2104	218	225	John McNair & Co	8 33	8 38
2305	108	112½	Thomas Keelor	4 18	4 18
2395	109	112½	do	4 18	3 18
2395		107½	Unknown	3 99	3 99
2318	310	112½	Sarah Ennis	4 17	4 18
4911		200	S Patton	7 40	7 49
5578		68	G Corwin	2 51	2 51
5577		70	S S Sherman	7 77	7 72
2276		21½	Spence & Dennis	81	81
Morrison tract		50	M Mead	9 25	9 25
2		112½	E A VanScoy	4 18	4 18
2782	96	20	N H Marsh	74	74
2370		37½	Julia English	1 40	1 40
5556		200	J Tate		7 40
2732	89	224	O W R Redeker	8 33	8 33
5556		125	John F Rooney	4 68	4 63
2850		125	Morrison & Bartholomew	4 63	4 63
2858	122	9	Porter & Co	66	66
21		150	G W Campbell	5 55	5 55
5556		50	John E Mullin	1 85	1 85
20		87	L D Wetmore	16 10	
21		125	do	23 13	
2910	149	112½	G W Campbell & Son	4 18	

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
2429 5371		2¼ 50	C B Lawrence	2 30	2 18
2429		2½	Fred Newark	78	73
State Patent		175	Strong & Jones	5 80	4 90
5572		88	Post J Crawley & Hotchkiss		17 01
21		50	Unknown		5 67
2858	122	128	L Palmiter		8 62
2370		3	G L Ball		85

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
3079	2-3-4-10-7-11-12-13	634	Ralph Bros	74 20	77 04
2858		504	Moffitt & Phillips	58 93	61 24
2598	252	279	A G Phillips & J S Gahagan	89 65	83 91
3078	9	25	G H Lyon		1 04
2472		129	Marvin Gas Co (Oil & gas)	5 04	5 24
2578		607	do	23 63	24 60
2470		526	do	16 61	17 26
2071		475	Nason & Collins		28 85
3001		495	do		30 10
3003		940	do		57 11
3097		960	do		58 89
3123		248	do		17 60
3124		925	do		56 21
3077		190	do		27 70
2609		145	Elisha K Kane	11 31	11 75
2605	216-7-8-9	777½	do	30 33	31 51
2691	248	191	do	12 00	15 48
2691	248	165	do	12 87	13 37
2469	213	255	do	19 89	20 66
2865		656	do	43 38	45 04
2409	207	250	do	9 75	10 18
2609	206-11	237	do	22 39	23 25
2668	233	166½	do	12 99	13 49
2460	212	248	do	9 66	10 04
2600	226	50	do	3 90	4 05
2703	224-5	20	do	1 56	1 62
3065		990	do	115 83	120 29
3066		690	do	107 64	111 78
3091	16-17-22	495	do	57 93	20 07
3089		950	do	111 15	76 95
2691		425½	do	33 18	80 54
3123		158	do	24 66	25 60
2607	241	250	do (Oil & Min only)	9 75	10 16
3130	57-62	900	do	46 80	48 60
2609		250	do	19 50	20 25
3006	257-266	825	do	22 92	23 81
2606		100	do	5 85	6 08
2668	236	280	McJewett Water Co	32 78	34 03
2605	217-18	181	Elizabeth D Kane	10 62	11 04
2691	241	5 1-10	do	62	65
3089	21	40	do	3 12	3 24
3132	52	395	do	77 04	80 01
3097	96	21	do	3 23	3 40
3180		690	do	107 64	111 78
2689 3124	9	19½	do	2 25	2 35
3127	60	99	do	11 59	12 04
2460	206	50	Evan O'N Kane	5 85	6 08
2607	241	250	Brewer & Mellander	29 25	26 78
2600	227	60	Alben Carlson	4 68	4 86
2573		50	Enterprise Gas Co	3 90	
2578		50	United Nat Gas Co		4 06
2083	262	48	F W Nelson	3 74	3 89
3127	59-60	50	do	3 90	4 05
3078		50	A Colson	9 75	10 13
2604		205	Joseph Field	17 28	17 00
2604 2556	12	50	do	3 90	4 05
2607	241	250	St Marys Gas Co Gas only	19 50	20 25
2601		800	do do	62 40	64 80
2609	257-260	325	do do	25 35	26 33
2607	250	251	do	19 59	20 34
2601	243	10	R S Parsons		81
2607	241	10	do		1 22
2608		100	Raymond Field	5 85	6 08
2604		90	J E B White		3 65
2375 2470		352	Palmer & Son		28 51
2175		951	do		77 08
2470		200	do		15 20
2677		181	Geo Richards		15 91
2708		28½	John W Mellander		2 35
2664		14	Alex Hou-ler		86

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
2670 6-5-3	18	24	W W Brewer	5 19	4 04
2665		1½ 8½	E M Empson	82	
2665		50	Rina Johnson	3 05	3 04
2661		6	A Rathbone	2 20	1 08
2661		1 Lot	J F Burt Est		80
2333		1 Lot	Calvin Gray		1 89

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
2067	363	70	H & B D Hamlin	3 01	3 01
2055	349	131	Oliver Irons	5 63	5 65
2056	8 P 350	67½	do	2 91	2 91
2052	40	196 3-10	J C Backus Est		11 24
2 58		20	do		1 14
2098 2070		23	Conrad Horrog	1 00	1 00
2093 2075		80	Jno F Kent	3 44	3 44
2093 2075		92	Charity R Kent & M Tuttle	1 30	1 30
2094		25	do do	2 5	2 15
2259		297	W W Miles	25 54	25 56
2094		57	H A Young Est	4 90	4 92
3063		20	Andrew Campbell	1 72	1 72
2065	N White Lot 16		D G Young	1 83	1 83
2065	273	8	do	91	91
2075		55	B F Corey	2 38	2 39
2090	524	12	E G Pelton	1 03	1 05
2070	5 4	5	do	43	43
2271	524	56	do	4 83	4 82
209		25	Russell, Droney & Kimball	3 25	3 25
2090 2078		140	A Delhi		12 04
2271		73	D A Davis	3 15	3 15
2057 2076		41¼	F E Boylan	1 95	1 95
2270	184	30	do	2 58	2 58
2059 2060	78	48	Smethport Ext Co	2 05	2 08
2087		17½	Smethport Water Co		3 01
2270 2092	320	89	M W Heinlein		22 08
2271	512-13-14	150	do		6 45
2078	52-53	90	do		3 87
2096	11	30	do		1 29
2078		785	E K Kane	446 14	446 15
2067		980	do	304 38	304 38
2068		150	do	25 65	25 65
2270		115	do	56 23	60 45
2269	512&c	344	do	147 92	73 96
2270	518	56	do	12 04	12 04
2270		250	do	53 75	53 75
2067 2066	366	110	do	12 14	12 14
2007	350	28	do	4 70	4 70
2067	358	6	do	70	70
2060 2067 2070	354 202	36	do	4 63	4 65
3002	78	441	do	205 64	37 95
	80	52	do	33 54	33 54
2067	354	33½	do	5 76	5 76

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
2187	363	40	Elizabeth Briggs	3 10	
		5½	Mrs James Boyland	76	84
	Lot	14	Daniel Bacon	45	52
		5	A J Haskey	83	92
2094		50	E J McGill	9 58	7 90
		1½	W W Walker	1 82	2 98
2060 2063	205	52	Patrick Hennretta	3 40	3 62
		7½	S J Gifford		1 50
	Lot		Wm Kammerer		72
2091	20	17	John Mosier		2 97
2 01		23	Frank Parker		4 85
	Lot		Joseph Wirtz		1 73
		38	Paul Francis		3 6
2252		38	S P Oil Co		3 91
2250		151	do		31 40
2250		89	do		6 85
2252		40	do		2 77

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
3435 3396	8	180	J R Wheeler	14 94	15 30
3435	5	170	R J Straight	21 17	21 68
2258		5	R J Gates	42	43
2258		5	do	22	20
3412	10	178	do	14 77	15 10
3480	53	75	do	15 58	15 95
3435	6-8	855	W S Weed & Co	14 75	15 10
3413	20	176 8-10	do	7 85	7 58
3486		170	do	7 30	7 47
3418	17	178	do	7 30	7 50
3413	10	50	do	2 08	2 19
3505	7	78	do	3 3	3 31
3413	19	180	do	7 47	7 65
2247 3258	117	100	Stephen Bowen	8 30	8 50
3423		52	John Hewett	4 32	4 42
413	11	180	F D Gallup & H W Rublin		15 30
2246	1	100	McCalmont Oil Co	8 30	8 50
2245	4	100	James McKay	8 30	8 50
2258	9	100	do	8 80	9 01
2243 2246		63	Z West		2 68
3412	9	177 7-10	A Keesler	7 39	7 56
2243	9	12½	L Heindman	54	56
2258	25	25	Robt Rose	6 23	6 38
3437	400	100	Michael Flarity	8 30	8 50
3437 3004	428	53	H Hamlin		2 27
3004	433	110	do		4 68
3004	454	95	do		32 60
3904	455	46	do		1 95
3004	458	75	do		3 05
3437	400	102	do		4 38
3437	429	43	do		1 83
3437	427	45	do		1 83
2243	10	100	E K Kane	4 15	4 25
2243-46	7	70	do	2 91	2 98
2243	7	37	do	1 54	1 58
2243	10	100	J M Tate mineral	4 15	4 25
3243-46	7	70	do	2 91	2 98
3903		25	Cable & Mitchell	2 08	2 13
		40	J E Mullin	1 63	1 70
		128	do	5 31	5 44
		25	do	1 05	1 08
3492	40	100	John O'Connors	24 90	25 50
3413	16	130	F R Adams	16 19	16 58
2253	7	9	H L Sherwin		39
2274		25	Michael Flaherty		1 08
2256		50	E H Newton		2 13
2256		80	do		3 40

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
3380 3422		42	Johnson & Co	8 07	5 00
2256 57	4	30½	Johnson, Farrar & Troft	1 56	3 10
2460	19	40	S Jewett	4 58	2 65
	Lot		Phillips A G	1 38	
	Lot		Phillips G B	2 61	
	Lot		James Sweeney	57	40
	Lot		Jas Whelan	57	
	8 Lots		Z A Williams	4 30	
Lot—Triangular piece in front of Butts House Mt Alton				1 19	80
	Lot		Mrs Ada Lenox		1 92
	Lot		Walter Fisk		46

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
3454	200	973½	Amelia Hough	8 82	8 91
2335		181	Amelia Ingraham	6 33	7 49
2339		454	J C Godling	30 86	30 53
3440	337	64	do	2 18	2 55
1270 1271		246	do	16 72	10 66
2327		30	do	1 02	1 20
1270 1271		229	do	7 79	9 16
1197		473	do	16 06	18 92
2070	410	17½	Smethport Ext Co	5 36	6 81
2075 2081	601	202	J R & Wm Van Sickles	6 86	8 09
1272 2158	806	17	F H Goodyear	58	70
1200 2158 1220 1271	367	360	do	12 43	14 64
1289 1280		202	Chas Moore	6 66	8 09
3068		7	Potter Gas Co	3 57	4 21
2145	406	117	Arnold & E B & C A Dolley	7 95	9 06
2144 2230	357	600	do	20 40	24 00
2145	403	100	do	6 80	8 00
2114	369	91	Etta Chase	3 09	3 65
2145 2214	386	81	do	2 85	3 96
3450		80	John O'Brien	3 06	3 60
2074		50	Eugene Mullin	1 70	2 00
2329		10	J H Carey	5 10	6 00
	381	116	Hannah M Smith	7 88	9 29
	386	25	do	1 70	2 00
2144	380	75	M A Lillibridge	2 55	3 01
2337 2344		261	J G Bradley	17 74	20 89
2150 2180	363	16	W S Lillibridge	54	64
2046		50	Keron Hanlon	5 10	6 00
2339		350	O C Howe & Co		14 00
2046 2048 2053	381 375	1265	E P Dalrymple		101 20
2070 2150	305	25	do		5 01
		197	N G & Mrs J K Moore		7 89
172	240	245	F H Arnold Est		9 81
2140 2168 2180	170 54	307	do		12 30
2180		95	do		3 81
2165		87	do		3 50
1312		32	do		1 29
2165		40	do		1 80
1857		51	do		2 06
2144 2149 2150 2181 1201 1200		1258⅞	F H Arnold Est		362 89
2296		65	do		2 61
2053		50	do		2 00
2040		27 1-6	do		2 15
1197 1285		763	F G Zimmerman		30 52
Keating		303	do		12 12
2435		140	do		5 60
1357 2165	Pt 848 all 121 Pt 1-2	105	F M Windsor		7 81
2149 2144		255	F E Rowley & Co		10 21
2181		175	do		7 01
2181 2139		300 1-16	do		290 20
2144		6 1-10	do		24
2396	400	23	C A Dolley		15 60
2344		50	A C Holden		4 00

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
		65	George Baker	4 46	4 11
Up river		12	Hubbard Bros	14 49	18 37
House & Lot			D C Smith		1 87
Two mile		15	Mrs Belle Laurer		1 38

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
1190		119	W A Hulett	2 75	3 46
	16	23	E E Greeley	58	62
2346	113	24	C A Anderson	56	64
2346	9	27	James Taylor	63	72
	112	50	do	5 75	6 63
2338		975	J C Goding	44 85	51 68
1207-63 1268-48	12	458½	Henry C Crawford	10 57	12 17
1198 1248 1287		390	do	8 97	10 23
1263	15	420	do	9 66	11 13
2362		890	Robt Hulsey	61 41	70 75
	21	186	C Smith & Son (5-22)	4 27	4 93
	22	186	do do	4 27	4 93
	31	186	do do	4 27	4 98
	32	186	do do	4 27	4 93
	37	186	do do	12 83	14 79
	38	186	do do	4 27	4 93
	48	128	do do	8 84	10 18
2368		1105	Edwin P Dalrymple		439 24

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
2558		65	Harvey Baker Est	6 76	6 77
1199		½	Isaac Harwitz	2 07	
2476		1½	J W Ventres	75	62
1199		75	Forest Garret		10 76
1199		1-16	Rich & Andrews		1 45
1199		67	Armstrong M M Trustee		2 67

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1903	1903
2221	315	82½	Sanderson & Baser	2 81	2 80
2089	271	59	G N Grow	5 07	5 21
	254	57	do	2 46	2 53
2212 2162		60	do	5 91	6 10
3452	56	55	Book & House	9 46	9 74
2089	340	57	E E Sprague	2 46	2 53
		44	Eastman & Hungerford	8 77	8 87
2451	363	60	H & B D Hamlin	2 58	2 66
2099	215 303	107	E Tupper	9 19	9 47
2099	222	84	D C Wood	4 41	4 55
3090		85	C B Kerwin	8 02	8 10
2212	269	25	C J Clugston	2 16	2 22
3070		20	R R McQuiston	1 72	1 77
3978		10	W A Hulett	2 16	2 22
3354		8	do	27	28
Barden Lot		25	do	2 16	2 22
3153		24	do	2 05	2 12
3978		5	do	44	45
4333		10	do	86	90
3353		24	do	2 05	2 12
4318		5	do	44	45
		28	J E Mullin	2 41	2 48
		5	do	44	45
		50	do	4 30	4 43
		50	do	4 30	4 43
		10	do	80	90
4008 3452	310	30	A B McQuistion Est		1 33
3162	309	41	J W Ellis		3 65

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
2102		2½	Irvin & McMaster	53	56
3995		14	Wm Duke Est	2 09	1 48
		8	R H Gibson	1 07	1 36
		¼	Hale Riley	58	37
4833		5	R H Hughes	1 04	70
5949		10	W A Hardison Est	1 54	1 10
2221	277	22	Chas Walcott	4 29	2 95
2221	275	80	Wetter Estate	5 85	4 02
2212		25	Mrs John F Hall		1 68

PORT ALLEGANY BOROUGH.

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

	Owners	1901	1902
House & Lot	W L Lillibridge	16 03	14 90
2 Lots	L L & Sue E Lillibridge		1 08
House & Lot	Mrs Sue E Lillibridge		12 60
House & Lot	N H Trude Est		9 44

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
2669		44	L W Streibles	1 85	
2797		50	T L Kane	1 95	1 85
2794		930	do mineral	86 27	84 41
2797	57	190	C S Whitehead	7 41	7 63
	102	21	McKean & Gallup	82	78
	103	51	do	1 90	1 89
	46	58	C Smith & Son (5-22)	2 26	2 14
2521		900	Penn Chemical Co	101 01	96 83
2482		950	do	83 85	79 55
2426		106	do	4 13	3 92
2436		286	do	11 15	10 57
2426		135	do	5 28	5 00
2430		236	do	9 18	8 69
2445		396	W W Clearwater	115 88	100 80
2707		10	McClellan & Mell	1 90	1 11
2471 2483 2068 2385	46	124	1902 tax to Marvin Gas Co oil & gas	4 91	4 66
		117	1903 tax to United Nat Gas Co	4 50	4 50
	97	207	do	11 59	11 00
		121	do	4 72	4 48
	95	321	do	12 52	11 87
	91	90	do	3 51	3 33
	92	210	do	8 19	7 77
	98	229	do	8 94	8 48
	99	215	do	8 40	7 97
	100	200	do	7 80	7 40
	71	134	F O Olds		4 96
	72	137	do		5 07
	75	120	do		4 44
	81	50	do		1 85
	80	101	do		3 74
	84	81	do		6 00
	85	9	do		22
	58	160	do		11 84
	54	168	do		6 04
	55	144	do		5 33
	64	142	do		5 26
	65	160	do		5 92
	67	174	do		6 44
	68	163	do		6 00
	69	4	do		15
	70	107	do		3 96
	52	45	do		1 68
2088 2408	82	78	do		2 70
	66	160	do		5 92
	7	94	F Butterfield		17 89
	8	94	do		17 89
	9	94	do		17 89
	16	158	do		29 23
	17	158	do		29 23
	18	158	do		29 28

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Acres	Owners	1901
¼	Ormen W Dickenson	1 80
¼	Gearelso Larafine	1 91

SMETHPORT BOROUGH.

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

		Owners	1901
Squire 88	Lot	Mrs E M Bishop Est	8 01

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
3122		247	Elizabeth D Kane	25 20	28 00
3132	52	185	do	16 84	19 31
3121	26 27	990	do	100 98	115 89
3057	212 8134	395	do	61 72	19 31
3002	14-15	294	do	110 84	9 12
3192	52	68	do	1 63	5 90
3154	76	56	do	19 04	21 84
3154	76	80	do	27 20	31 20
3184	77	309	do	91 46	104 91
3186	72	81	do	27 88	31 40
3153	9	50	do	5 10	5 85
3158	12	92	do	9 69	10 78
3132	78	168	do	11 43	13 10
3219 3215	118 114	7	do	1 20	1 38
3153 3167		10	do	5 10	5 85
3172 3167	91	111	do	7 56	8 64
2567	262	50	do	1 70	1 95
3154	66	200	Kane, Davis & Kane		29 40
3210	105	51	T L Kane	5 21	5 97
3166	8	16	do	2 72	3 12
3182	78	42	E O'N Kane	14 28	16 38
3182	78	72	do	24 48	28 08
3182	78	40	do	13 60	15 60
3182	78	53	do	18 02	20 67
3166	90	107	do	18 20	20 88
3166	91	34	do	5 78	6 63
3175	93	17	E K Kane	60	67
3002		756	do	64 28	73 71
3120		990	do	67 32	77 22
3123	40-41	454	do	15 44	17 71
2567	203	225	do	7 66	8 70
3215		107	do	14 56	16 69
2575	185	225	do	15 30	17 55
2576	419	193	Thos J Keelor	6 57	7 58
2570	417	112½	do	3 85	4 41
2570	427	225	do	7 66	8 79
2570	428	225	do	7 66	8 79
2572	387	225	Thos Keelor	7 66	8 79
3764		200	do	6 80	7 90
2819	849	225	do	7 66	8 79
3762	846	225	do	7 66	8 79
572	377	112½	do	3 85	4 41
2578	186	225	G Potts	22 96	26 34
3754		250	James Bros	17 00	19 50
3775	9 to 17	76½	do	5 21	5 97
3771	8	177 8-10	do	12 08	13 85
3754		550	do	37 40	42 90
2890	422	225	Emma Hobbs	7 66	8 79
2310	350	225	Stone, Weston & Co	7 66	8 79
2570	418	225	do	7 66	8 79
2330	390	225	do	7 66	8 79
2567	801	225	do	7 66	8 79
2567	804	225	do	7 66	8 79
3764		254	Gillis & Weston	8 64	9 91
2764		100	Davis & Weston	3 40	3 90
2568	224	112½	Hazelton, Weston & Co	3 85	4 41
2310	849	112½	Penn Tanning Co	3 82	4 37
2754		250	Wiggins & Trebble	8 50	9 75
2453		50	L A Brenneman	25 50	29 25
	344	205	Koester & Philliber	6 98	8 01
3122	80	73	Wm Bley	4 97	5 60
3132	58	102	do	11 03	12 04
2597	265	225	E M Payne	7 66	8 79
2592	259	225	do	7 66	8 79
2592	409	225	do	7 66	8 79
2555	210	225	R T Stone	22 90	26 34
3781		104	A J Hazeltine	3 55	4 06
3782		177 3-10	Unknown	12 08	13 85
3150		65	Herbert Anderson	6 64	7 61
3087	12-5	495	Day Chemical Co	61 72	70 80
3754		50	Michael Cashman	1 70	1 95
2571	182	225	G W Campbell		8 79
2383	349	62	Geo Welker		2 41
2567	302	225	T L Kane & J Davis		8 79
2587	303	225	do		8 79

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
3176		50 51	Corzell, Bubb & Heim	7 63	5 42
3212		33½	John McCloskey	2 74	2 51
3175	40-41	34½	D R Mathews		3 82

A. W. BOYD,
County Treasurer.

Treasurer's Office, Smethport, Pa., March 1, 1904.

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Attorneys.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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